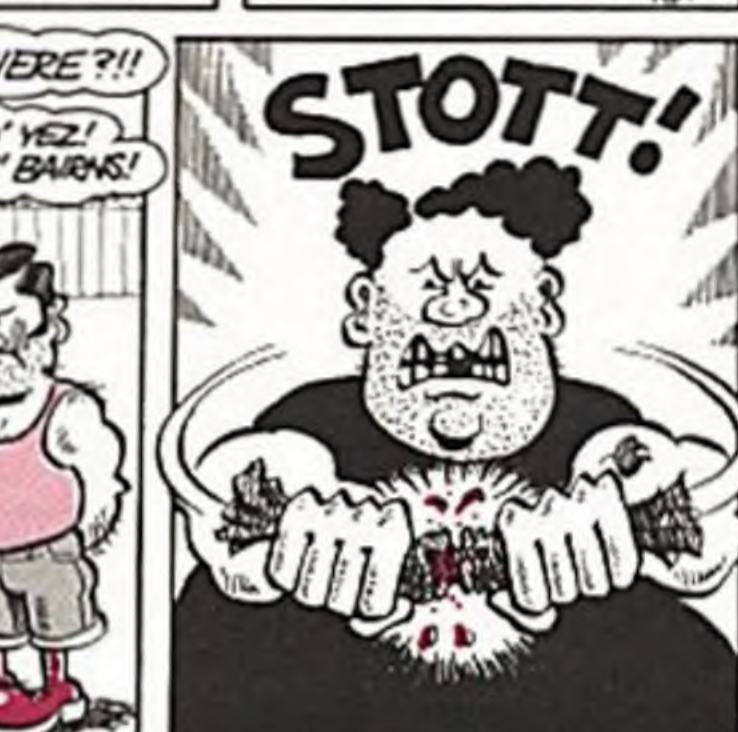
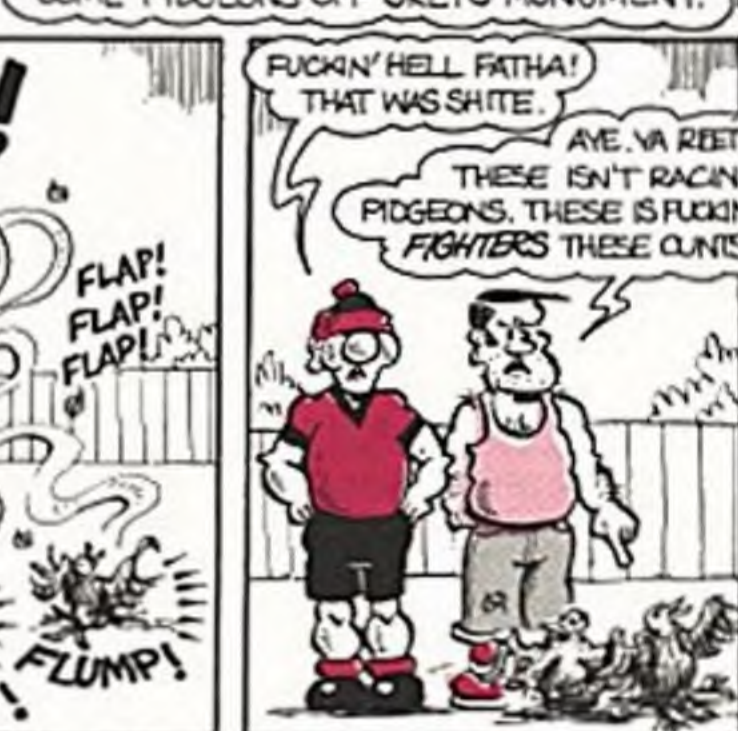
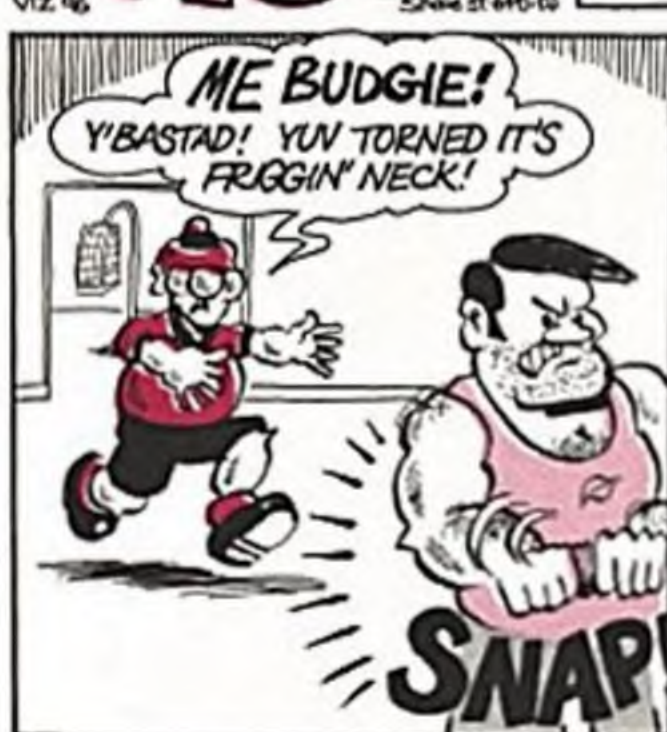


BIFFA LOVE HATE BACON

VIZ 196 25th APR 1995





LETTERBOCKS

Smiles better?

□ They say that laughter is the best medicine. My grandad has got Parkinson's disease and we've been laughing at him for months and he hasn't got any better. So much for that theory.

D. Smoog
Paris



□ I've just sat through Janet Street-Porter's T.V. series 'As the Crow Flies' where she walked in a straight line from Edinburgh to Greenwich. What a pity she didn't start from my house in Haddington, just 16 miles to the East. That way, her walk would have taken her slap bang through the middle of the army's firing range at Otterburn, and she might have been shot. Now that would have been good telly.

D. Dick
Haddington

Letterbooks,
P.O. Box 1PT,
Newcastle upon
Tyne, NE99 1PT



□ Vauxhall reckon they've made 2500 changes to the new Vectra. Well, the original must have been a crock of shite.

Jack Roman
Email

TOP TIP

SPREAD the cost of an expensive monthly bus pass by paying for each journey individually.

Mr. Teats
Croydon

Taking stock

□ It must be great having your own corner shop. Anytime you want anything, you just help yourselves from the shelves. And it's all free! No wonder shopkeepers are always smiling and drive around in Volvo estates.

A. Berry
Grimsby

It's the page that doesn't want any trouble, but ends up getting glassed

□ I had to laugh the other day when I saw a very crude letter about internet porn I'd sent to Viz published on the letters page. Imagine my surprise when I saw it had been printed with my real name in full instead of the pseudonym I'd supplied. My now ex-boss, who used to pay my home phone bill, has clearly failed to see the funny side. You utter, utter cunts.

Neil Weatherall
The Internet

True Brit



□ I hope those that question Greg Ruzedski's nationality were shamed by the way he played in the recent Davis Cup. His agonising defeat at the hands of that fucking yank shows that he is every bit as worthy of representing us as all the other useless tossers who've won jack shit at tennis and football. And fucking cricket.

M. Duckworth
London

See You, Jimmy

□ Jimmy Hill seems to be manifesting himself everywhere. Not content with appearing in the Viz or brandishing phallus shaped cucumbers on saucy postcards, he appears on the pages of popular Scottish cartoon 'Oor Wullie' dressed as a rabbit. Thankfully, Wullie hadn't dropped acid, he'd only eaten cheese the night before.

Alan Donnelly
Croydon

TOP TIP

BLIND date losers. When receiving a consolation kiss from Cilla, use the opportunity to bite her on the eye.

M. Edwards
Surrey

□ I've just run out of skins, but unfortunately I'm too minced to go out on my own. If anyone is going past the Esso station on Great Western Road in Glasgow, could you get me some Rizlas? Oh and six packets of Space Raider crisps and four topics.

Douglas B
Glasgow



TOP TIP

SCHOOLBOYS. Don't forget to write "Tits" and "Cunt" over the pictures of naked women in your biology text books. This will help you and future generations in their studies.

Chris Mappley
Carshalton



□ Congratulations to Nick Ross for managing to use his catchphrase "Do Sleep Well" on his flowers for Jill Dando. But what a good job Jill wasn't the co-presenter of 'The Generation Game.' "Didn't he do well" would have struck entirely the wrong note on the flowers from Bruce Forsyth.

F. Peters
Hull

BOILERS...BORDERLINE BOILERS...BORDER

There's been a fantastic response to our request to name your borderline boiler, those strangely unattractive pieces to which your head says no, but your nads say yes. Keep sending your nominations in to the usual address. Meanwhile, here's a few of the 'iffy' birds you'd probably poke at a push.

... I wouldn't mind giving a four star service to Caroline Patterson, aka Ruth out of EastEnders. I'd rough up her Glencoe with my Ben Nevis, even though she's got a face like a hyena felching a porcupine.

S. Gilman
Edmonton



... I'd like to chuck one up Carol Vorderman from behind, eating a curry off her back watching 'Match of the Day' while she does my tax returns

D. Bovis
Email

... I wouldn't mind slipping a length to that Alice Beer. Always providing the lights were really dim, of course. Or if I could wear a blindfold, I suppose.

Mazzy
e-mail

... I wouldn't mind a jump on Ready, Steady, Cook's Fern Britton. Eh, lads?

Michael Egan
Edinburgh

... I'd love to screw that Konnie Huq off Blue Peter simply so I could boast about it to my hippy lecturer who loves Blue Peter and watches it with his bratty kids. She'd have a sticky back when

I'd finished with her. But no plastic.

Peace Studies student
Bradford

...that Helen Mirren from Prime Suspect is my borderline boiler, handcuffs an' all. I'd give her some prime, and I suspect she'd be back for more.

Mad Dave
Manchester



... I nominate mannish redhead Charlie Dimmock, of BBC's crap garden makeover programme 'Groundforce'. Put it this way, if I were a poof, I'd rather give her one up the arse than Alan 'Tit' Titchmarsh or the thick brick-layer.

M. J. Worthington
Macclesfield

Just ask Walt's head

Each week, you put your questions to Walt Disney's head in a fridge

Dear Walt's head... Where is the coldest place on earth?
Rusty Junior III
Talahassee, Georgia

Well, I sometimes think it's the end of my nose! Brrrr! But seriously, Rusty, it's probably Alaska or Iceland, or some place real chilly like that.

Dear Walt's head... Why do stars twinkle?
Mary Beth Kozwalski
Hell's Kitchen, NYC

That's a tough one, Mary Beth. I guess it's all the dirt and pollution and stuff in the skies that makes those little fellers twinkle so. Ahtchooooo!

Dear Walt's head... Why does a snail leave a silver trail?
Chuck Jerkoff Jnr.
Des Moines, Iowa

Well it helps them slide right along. See, those little critters, why, they carry their houses around on their backs, and that's a mighty tall order when you've only got one foot. Jesus H. Christ, it's cold in here.

Dear Walt's head... Does the light go off in a fridge when the door is closed?
Junior Ableman III, Jnr.IV
Flagstaff, Arizona

Well, little buddy, If I had a dollar for every time someone has asked my head that question...! Yes, it sure does.

Well, my head is starting to thaw out, so we'd best close the old fridge door for this week. Keep those questions coming!

Walt

That's all, folks!

☐ Rod Hull. It finished 1-1 by the way.
Moose
Southampton



☐ David Bowie says he cannot remember anything that happened in 1977. Well perhaps I can jog his memory. I had it off with him backstage at the Hammersmith Odeon, and he was shit. The gig was great, but he was no 'Star Man' in bed.

Jackie
London

Have you ever shagged somebody famous? Who was it? When did it happen? Were they any good? And what were their unusual requests? Write to us, in complete confidence, telling us all about it, and we'll print the best letters we receive. Mark your envelope 'Shagwatch'.

☐ I thought I would write to tell you about a recent shit/piss/snot/spit scenario I had the fortune to play out. Whilst having a shit on the toilet, I started to piss at the same time and to my amazement I felt a sneeze coming on too. This sneeze resulted in snot coming out of my nose and spit flying out of my mouth. It was the first time I have ever had five orifices expelling fluid at the same time. If my ears had started to bleed it would have been knock-out. Can any other reader beat this?

A. Nurse
Twatt

TOP TIP
HAVING to read subtitles can be irritating when watching a foreign film. Win brownie points in the cinema by reading the subtitles aloud for others.

Eddie O'Hanlon
e-mail

☐ I haven't got a letter, but here's a joke;
Question: How many women does it take to change a lightbulb?
Answer: Two. One to change the bulb, the other to suck my cock.

E. Groin
Walsall

TOP TIP

BREAST feeding mothers. Not enough time to make a nice brew-up? Simply hold a tea bag to your nipple and hey presto! A warm, milky mug of tit-tea.

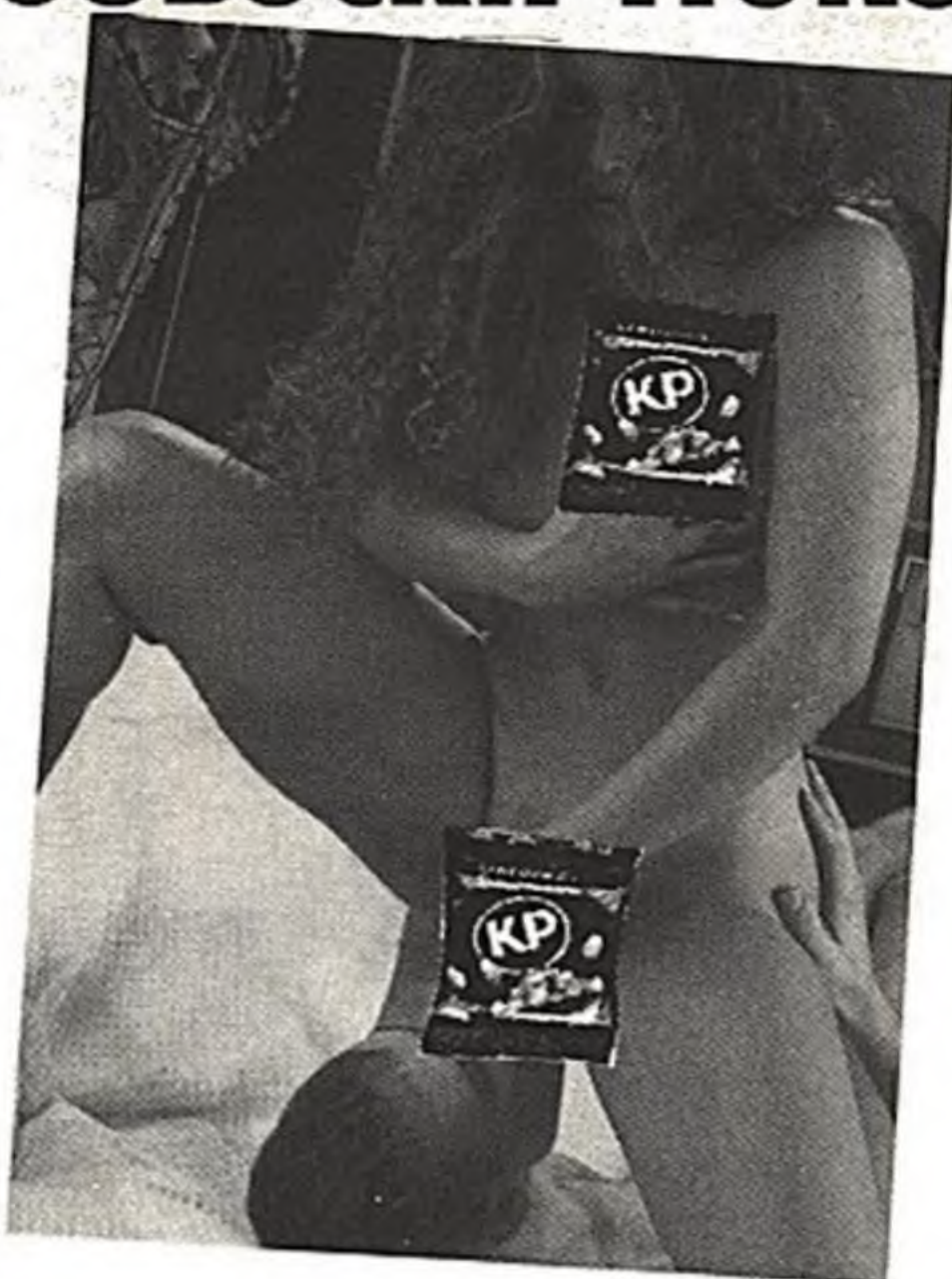
Ruth Shearing
Wood Green



☐ Esther Rantzen says in The Sunday Telegraph that an unpleasant child is a contradiction in terms, and that she's never met a child she didn't like. Obviously, she's never come home and found some 13-year-old 'Rat Boy' shitting on her living room carpet with the video under his arm.

Mrs. A. Hedley
Byker

SUBSCRIPTIONS



Whilst on holiday in Corfu with Stephanie, her wicked step-mother and Mr. Atkinson, her natural father, Sally the subscription girl slipped on a dog dirt, breaking her leg in three places. She is in hospital in Paleokastritsa where she has been befriended by a swarthy doctor, Spiros Magnesios. So once again, in her place is a hard core pornographic photograph obscured by bags of peanuts. Every new subscriber receives one of these bags, so it's only going to take two new subscribers for everything to be revealed.

The standard UK subscription rate is £8.75 per year (6 issues for the price of 5) or £16.50 for two years (10 issues for the price of 12). EU rate £12.50 per year. Rest of the world £14.00 per year. Extra copies sent to the same address add £7 (UK) or £10 (overseas).

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Cyril Fletcher's PHOTO CORNER

I AM indebted to Mr. Mike M. from Altrincham in Cheshire for bringing to my attention one of a series of photographs he discovered in his one-handed reading journal Razzle. It shows what appears to be the Association Football player, Mr. Matthew Le Tissier engaged in a passionate bout of breast-licking with a young lady companion. I am assured by our sender that after further study of the journal, he is able to confirm that the gentleman in the photograph, unlike Mr. Le Tissier's team Southampton, did in fact go down. Esther.....



Mum's the work

□ Why don't all these so called single mothers employ another single mother as an au-pair? Then they could all get proper jobs.

M. Withkiss
Surbiton

TOP TIP

DRIVERS for Victoria Taxis of Hebburn. When picking up a fare at 3 a.m. try getting out of the car and ringing the doorbell instead of sounding your horn you fat, sweaty, lard-arsed bastards.

Rooster
Hebburn

□ Why do farmers always put their gates right next to the muddiest parts of the field?

Nell Bye
e. mail

□ Why are tortoises allowed to hibernate for several months and I'm not? I quite fancy October to February in bed but my work won't let me have the time off. I thought we lived in a time of equal opportunities.

C. Mappley
Surrey



□ Jonathan Ross should be ashamed of himself. All the money he's got and his daughter gets bitten off a snake. I earn just over £100 per week, and my daughter has never been attacked by a reptile. My son once got stung by a wasp, but that was when I was on income support.

Mrs. G. Yarwood
Halesowen

TOP TIP

SAVE money on expensive digital cameras by simply building models of your friends and family out of Lego and then taking pictures of them with a normal camera.

Orson Cart
Cullercoats

□ In reply to A. Nurse's letter (this issue). I can beat that, as on my deathbed I apparently erupted from every orifice, though I freely concede, that strictly speaking, I did not actually experience it, being at the time dead. If I had survived, doubtless I would have said something remarkably witty. And then bummed a jockey.

Oscar Wilde

Pere Lachaise Cemetery

TOP TIP

CREATE your own solar eclipse by attaching a football to a broom handle and holding it in front of the sun. For a lunar eclipse, simply substitute a banana.

P. Less
e-mail

□ Rob Thompson's suggestion (issue 94) about the publishers of The Big Issue introducing a subscription scheme would have another advantage. It would mean that the hard-working vendors could stay at home in front of the fire with their feet up, or make use of their new-found leisure time by going to the opera or ballet.

Don Swan
Nottingham



□ Jerry Hall says that to keep your husband keen you must be "a maid in the parlour, a cook in the kitchen and a whore in the bedroom." I recently decided to follow her advice. I kept the house very clean, I prepared delicious meals every night, and I allowed dozens of fat businessmen to have sex with me for money in the marital bed. Surprisingly, my husband left me. Did I follow her advice correctly?

Pauline Riley
e. mail

□ With regard to Pauline Riley's letter (above), Jerry Hall is talking out of her Texan arse. The perfect woman is obviously going to be a whore in the parlour, a whore in the kitchen, and a whore in the bedroom. And then she can think about getting my tea on.

R.T.
Kilburn

Drug abuse

□ Prince Charles reportedly called Tom Parker-Bowles a "bloody fool" for taking



cocaine at the Cannes Film Festival. It's a bit rich having your judgement criticised by the only man in the world who would rather be Camilla's tampon than slip Princess Diana a length.

Spud
Lincoln

□ I saw the ad in your last issue for Admiral Insurance, which told me to quote Viz. I rang up, and when a young lady answered, I shouted; 'Piss up a rope, fuckstick'. Unfortunately, the next day I was burgled and I'm left five grand out of pocket as she refused to give me insurance.

S. Dickinson
Leeds

What's the naughtiest thing you've ever done?

YOU CONFESS

Steve Jenkins, 22, dispatch rider
"When I was 16, I borrowed my dad's car without permission. I crashed it, and said it had been stolen."



Richard Turd-Burglar, 12, ad-sales manager
"When I was a teenager in Australia, I used to steal women's underwear from washing lines and wear it in bed."

Peter Sutcliffe, 53, lorry driver
"Between the dates of February 1977 and November 1980, in the counties of West and South Yorkshire, I attacked and killed 13 women."



Andy Turnbull, 32, coffee machine engineer
"Once while stopping at my granny's, I used her false teeth to wipe my arse with, then put them back in her mouth."



WARNING!
THIEVES OPERATE
IN THIS AREA



□ In this century Britain has only made war with countries who's capital cities begin with the letter 'B'. Germany (Berlin), Argentina (Buenos Aires), Iraq (Baghdad) and Serbia (Belgrade). China change the name of Peking to Beijing and we bomb their embassy. One hopes in the new century we will show a little more imagination when making war with other nations.

Martin Harwood
Bradford

Muff Justice

□ If a woman says no, she means no, but if she tells me she's over 16 then it's my call. Where's the justice?

S. Partridge
e. mail

TOP TIP

BOB Carolgees. If Spilt the Dog asks you to adjust your TV aerial, tell him to fuck off and do it himself.

Hapag Lloyd
Runcorn

Huddline News



□ The death of Rod Hull has proved to be a bit of a disappointment for me. I originally misheard the news report and thought they said ROY HUDD. Imagine how sad I was to hear that the old cunt was still alive.

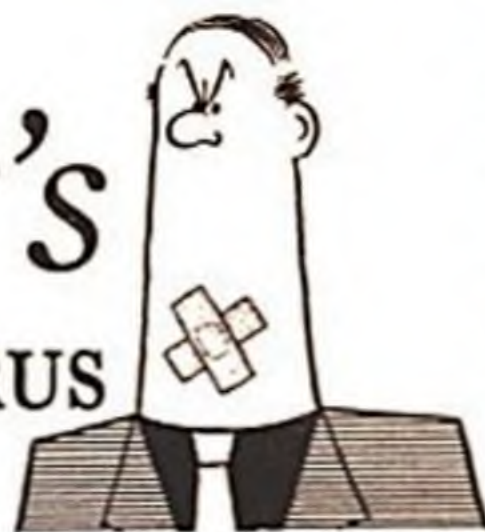
G. McKendrick
Glasgow

TOP TIP

FEELING unattractive? Simply watch Robot Wars. Seeing all those spotty geeks paying more attention to a twin armature 12V motor than Phillippa Forester in a skin tight top bending over to pick a washer up off the floor is bound to make you feel like a super-stud.

Richard Harrison
Tywyn

Roger's PROFANISAURUS UPDATE



Contributions to Roger's Profanisaurus have been coming like shit off a shovel. Here's some of the one's we've received. Keep them coming, and watch out for another Profanisaurus containing brand new expletives, euphemisms and colourful obscenities, FREE in the autumn with Viz ISSUE 98.

double bassing v. To have sex from behind fiddling with the lady's left nipple with your left hand and her clematis with your right- a position similar to the one adopted when playing the double bass, although the sound is completely different.

drown some kittens v. To pass a litter of small stools which nobody wants to give a home to.

DVDA n. Double vaginal, double anal. The Holy Grail of pornographic video acts, presumably involving four India Rubber-men and one uncomfortable woman.

facepainting v. To adorn one's spouse with jelly jewellery (qv).

go all the way to Cockfosters v. To have sexual intercourse. As in "I thought I'd have to go home via the Billy Mill Roundabout, but she took me all the way to Cockfosters."

hand to gland combat n. A three-minute, one man bout of gladiatorial combat involving a spam javelin.

horse eating oats sim. As in "She hasn't been shagged for ages. If you put your hand down her pants it would be like a horse eating oats."

Thanks to: Nick Boccacci, Stuart Taylor, Andy, Jim Allen, Paul Ducksbury, Alan Cohen, Knox T. Millsaps, Jason Webb, Nick McDonald, Arnie. Please send your rude words or phrases to: Ribena de Farquar-Toss, Roger's Profanisaurus, Viz Comic, P.O.Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT or fax them on 0191 2414244, or e-mail them to viz.comic@virgin.net or put them directly on the interactive swearing dictionary at the Viz website: www.viz.co.uk



teggat n. A short-necked turtle's head which is unable to touch cloth, and retreats back into the bombay.

thick repeater n. A large bore semi-automatic, single-barrel mutton musket.

tuna taco n. A hot dish, not requiring cutlery, served when dining at the Y. If eaten with a side order of cranberry dip, could lead to Mexican lipstick (qv).

up on blocks adj. Of a woman. A monthly MOTT failure due to a recurring leak under the Beetle bonnet.

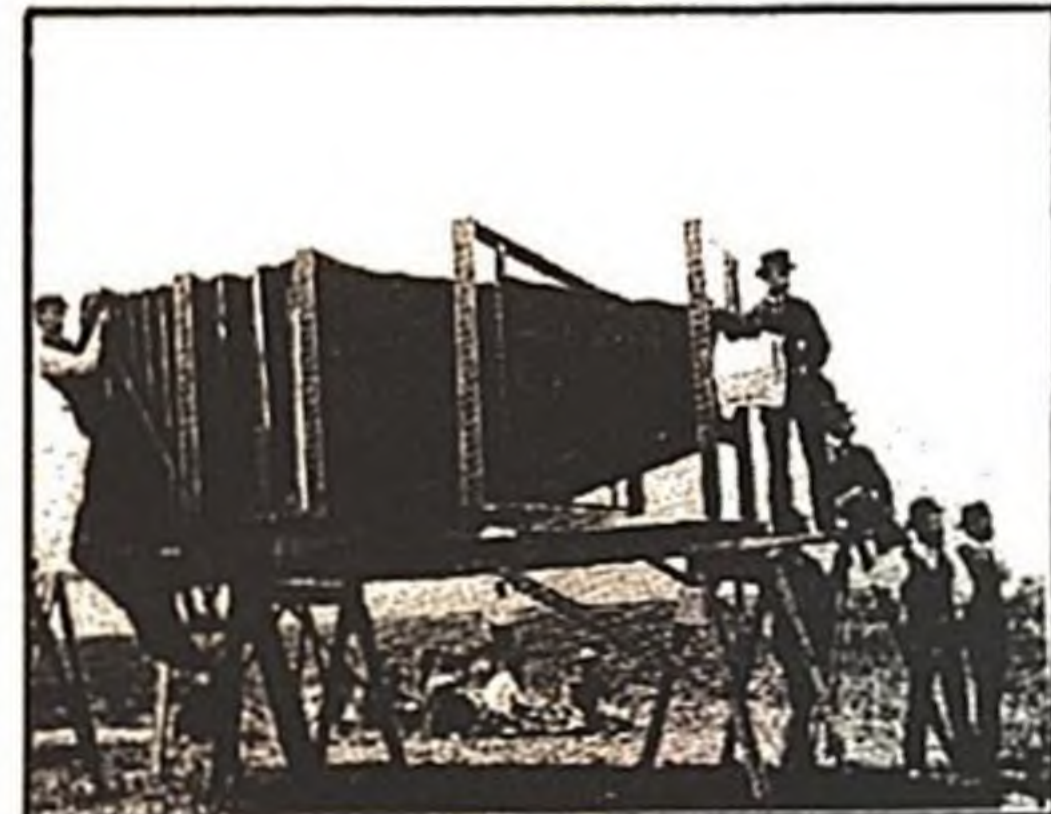
jelly jewellery n. The earrings, nose studs, fancy spectacles and other facial jewellery a lady sometimes receives when her partner had intended to give her a pearl necklace.

Mexican lipstick n. The embarrassing facial tide-marks often found after eating out with a lady who was up on blocks (qv).

night watchman n. A turd that fails to flush away and is discovered at a later time.

spinning plates v. An old-fashioned novelty act in which the performer attempts to keep both of a lady volunteer's nipples erect at the same time.

BACK ISSUES



This is B.I.G.A.R.S.E. (Back Issue Giant Automatic Requirement Spotting Equipment). Put simply, it's the biggest camera in the world, and it's housed on the Downs high above the Viz Nuclear Back Issue Facility at Bradley Stoke North. Thanks to this equipment, you don't even have to leave your home to buy a back issue of Viz. Just get a friend to write the issue number(s) you require across your buttocks, then stick them out of the window during office hours, Monday to Friday. The camera is so powerful, that your order will be photographed wherever you live in the world. Then simply send us confirmation of your buttock order through the usual postal channels using the form below.

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86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95

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IT'S A LOVELY SUNNY DAY
CHILDREN - SO INSTEAD OF
LESSONS, WE'LL TAKE A TRIP
TO THE ZOO

HOORAY! I LOVE THE
ZOO - HOW ABOUT YOU,
TINRIBS?

HI, I'M BARBIE. I LOVE
YOU VERY MUCH



WAIT A MINUTE - THIS HOT SUNNY
WEATHER IS MAKING ME
IRRITABLE AND BAD-TEMPERED

SO INSTEAD OF GOING TO THE ZOO, YOU
WILL ALL RETURN TO SCHOOL FOR TEN
HOURS OF LONG DIVISION FOLLOWED
BY A SADISTIC BEATING



MY ROBOT CHUM WILL
COOL YOU DOWN,
HEADMASTER

FIRST, I STICK TINRIBS'
ARMPIECE THROUGH THE END
OF MR SNODDORTHY'S TONGUE

AWK!



THEN I WIND
IT ROUND AND
ROUND LIKE AN
AEROPLANE
PROPELLER

**TWIST
TWIST
TWIST
TWIST**

EK!
AK!
IK!
EEK!



WHIRRRRRRRRRRR

THERE, YOUR OWN
PERSONAL TONGUE-
POWERED 'ELECTRIC'
FAN

ANN! LOVELY COOL
BREEZE. WELL DONE
TAYLOR



THANKS TO TINRIBS, I'M
IN A GOOD MOOD AGAIN

ZOO

SO WE'LL GO TO THE
ZOO AFTER ALL



I'M AFRAID THE DEPRESSED MONKEY
WILL NOT BE MASTURBATING TODAY, AS
IT HAS CHEWED ITS OWN ARMS OFF
OUT OF BOREDOM

DO NOT FEED THE
DEPRESSED MONKEY
FRANTICALLY MASTURBATING
IN A CONFINED SPACE

HOW DISAPPOINTING



MY ELECTRONIC BUDDY CAN PROVIDE
A REPLACEMENT MONKEY - WITH
MR SNODDORTHY'S
ASSISTANCE

SEE - TINRIBS' RUBBER-GLOVE HANDS
MAKE IDEAL MONKEY FEET...



...AND HIS TOW-ROPE MAKES
A SMASHING TAIL

EXCELLENT! A
MOST CONVINCING
MONKEY-SUBSTITUTE. GET IN
THE CAGE AND START WANKING,
MR SNODDORTHY

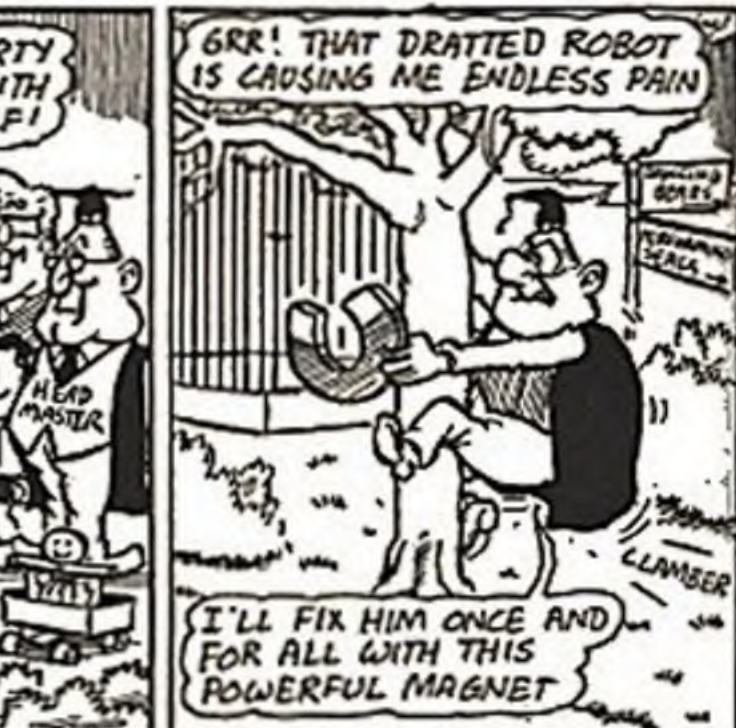
8-BOT HEADMASTER...



HA! HA! LOOK AT THE DIRTY
MONKEY PLAYING WITH
ITSELF!

00! 00!
00! 00!

OH, THE
HUMILIATION!



GRR! THAT DRATTED ROBOT
IS CAUSING ME ENDLESS PAIN

I'LL FIX HIM ONCE AND
FOR ALL WITH THIS
POWERFUL MAGNET



HEH! HEH! I'LL
DANGLE MY MAGNET
OVER THE TINTUIT
AS HE PASSES
BENEATH

IT'S MAGNETIC FIELD WILL BUGGER UP THE
DELICATE WORKINGS OF TINRIBS'
COMPUTERISED BRAIN AND CAUSE
HIM TO MALFUNCTION



SNAP!

YIKES!
THE BRANCH
HAS BROKEN



THUNK!

YOU! I'VE LANDED
NECK-FIRST ON
A JAGGED
SOUP-TIN

IT'S SEVERED
A MAJOR ARTERY



HO! CAN'T YOU READ?
PUT THAT BLOOD
AWAY AT ONCE!

DO NOT TEMPT THE
VAMPIRE BATS

YOU'RE DRIVING THE
VAMPIRE BATS INTO
A FEEDING FRENZY



SHORTLY,
HI, I'M BARBIE, I
LOVE YOU VERY MUCH

DO NOT FEED THE
PARROTS AND BOVING KANGAROOS

HA! HA! LISTEN, TINRIBS -
THAT PARROT IS IMITATING
YOU



... "I LOVE YOU
VERY MUCH"

SNARL!
SOUNDS LIKE
THAT STINKING ROBOT
IS IN HERE

NO ENTRY

THIS TIME I'M GOING TO POUND
THE CYBERNETIC CRETIN INTO
A HEAP OF RUSTY SCRAP



TAKE THIS YOU
METAL MORON

CLOONK!

NO ENTRY

WOW! THAT'S NOT TINRIBS -
THAT'S A BOXING KANGAROO!



HI, I'M BARBIE.
I LOVE YOU
VERY MUCH

**PUNCH KICK
THUMP HURT**

HA! HA! THAT'S RIGHT, TINRIBS -
IF THOSE KANGAROOS KEEP HITTING
MR SNODDORTHY, THEN ZOOKEEPER OR LATER
HE PROBABLY WILL DIE OF MASSIVE
INTERNAL INJURIES

(FRU) T. BUNN the MASTER BAKER & HIS GINGERBREAD & SEX DOLLS



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depth of field - while you stick the pages together

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on A, T and F



"Look at the size
of them! Where's
me Kleenex?"

- pictures of big tits taken on
Kodak Elite Chrome
Extra Colour 100

Tasha Slappa's Mam



TASHA'S MOTHER: HER MATE ARE GETTING READY TO GO OUT...

FEET, NOW THE FACE PACK IS ADMINISTERED YER MAM TER LEAVE IT FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES

EX FIFTEEN MINUTES DURENT THEY KONA PAAYNE GOT A GERT BUSY SUB-CHAL LEFT

WHY, IT SAYS HERE YER CAN CARRY ON WITH YER LIFE AS USUAL WHILE IT SETS.

FOODN' THINK OUR AN ALL AAL FINNISH OFF THE IRONING AND MEK SOME DINNA, THEN.

PONDS AND FACE PACK

SOON...

EEH! AAH THINK ITS FOCKIN' WORKIN' BETTY! AAH CAN FEEL ME PORES AAL URPENIN ITS GERT FRESH AND REEJONINATING

AYE-YER SKINS GAINA LOOK FOCKIN' LUSH

WELL! FOR! FRY!

ONCE YER POT YER SLAP OLD

ARE Y' DOT ON THE FULL THE NEET THEN BETTY?

WHY AYE.

WELL AAH HURT YER HAPPY WITH SECOND BEST, COS I AM AN' AAL.

EEH!! WHAT ABOUT YER TONKA! AAH THOUGHT YER WOH OBEY HAPPY WITH HUM.

CUR DID AAH, BETTY, TURNS OUT HE'S SOME SORT OF A BASTAARD

EEH!! WHAT DID 'EE DEE?

HE TELL US HE WOULD ALWAYS BE THERE FORROS AND HE WANTED TO MOVE IN AND MEK A COMMITMENT

EEH!! WHAT A BASTARD! WHY-YER BEST OFF RID. FIND YERSEL A PROPPA BLURK THE NEET, ONE WHATS NOT AFRAID TO GIVE YER A PROPPA HIDING

AYE-AAH CANNOT BE DEEN WITH NEW OF THAT TONKA I'M NOT READY TO SETTLE DOON YET. I'M TOO YOUNG MAN, NAHVE STILL GOT ME WHOLE LIFE AHEAD OFS

AYE-YER DINNIT WANT NEW COMMITMENTS

WHAAAAA!!!! WHAAAAA!!!!

WATL BE ONE OF YOUR BIRDS LANTING ITS HAPPY CHANGED

AYE, WHY IT CAN FOCK OFF WE RUN OUT LAST TUESDAY AND I'M NOT GETTING ANY MORE TILL THE MORRA

WHAAAAA!!!! WHAAAAA!!!!

FUCKIN' SHOT IT DARREN! YER GAUL BE IN FROM THE PUB LATER ON

AYE, AND YER'D BEST HURP THE TON HAVE WOH

HOWAY, LETS GET WOH BUS

IN TOWN...

HOWAY MAN! LET WOH IN!

SORRY GIRLS, YOU'RE TOO YOUNG

GANON MAN! LET WOH IN AND WE'LL SUCK YER COCK!

KIST

GORRY LASSES, IT DOESNT WORK LIKE THAT

FOCKIN' DID LAST WEEK

AYE, AND I'M NOT CHOCKIN ME HUCK DOON THE SAME GOBS TWO WEEKS RUNNING NOW FUCK OFF!

BALDY BASTAARD!!

HA! THAT'LL SHOW YER! PEOPLE YOUR AGE SHOULDN'T BE IN TOWN

HA!

SWAGGER!

AND WHERE THE FUCK D' YER THINK YEE ARE GANNIN'

EEH! GET THIS ONE BETTY! AAH KNEW THAT FACE PACK MUST OF MADE US LOOK YOUNGER!

HAD ON LOVER, AAHVE BRONG ME PASSPORT.

SORRY LOVE, BUT MY BADGE SAYS THAT I'M EMPLOYED UNDER THE EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES ACT AGAINST DISCRIMINATION TO TELL ANY BOY ONLY OL DOGS TO FOCK RIGHT OFF

WOL PISS OFF TO THE BIRGO GRANNIN, BEFORE AAH LAM! YER ONE.

SUDDENLY...

SKRIINK!!

DOOR SECURITY 27- WE THINK SOMEBODIES JUST WALKED PAST "YELP" WEARING TRAINERS. REQUEST BACKUP TO MERCILESSLY KICK HIM SHITLESS DOWN A BACK ALLEY, OVER SKRIINK!!

TRAINERS?! THE FOCKIN' BASTARD!

HOLAY JIMMY! URPEN SEASON!! SOME CUNTS WEARIN' FOCKIN' TRAINERS!!

AH! CAN FEEL THE FOCKIN' TEST FELIN' ME EYES UP- AAH DON'T THINK ILL BE ABLE TO RESTRAIN MESELF FROM NOOFIN' HIS NEED IN

KIST

MEANINGLE, INSIDE...

OI!

TWO LAGERS!!

BAR STAFF

NIP!

AALREET GORGEOUS, ARE Y' GETTIN' US A DRINK AN' AAL?

GET IN! I'VE FOCKIN' SCORED!

...ERA... AYE, I'LL GET YER A DRINK, BUT WHAT'LL I GET IN RETURN?

EEH! Y' SAOCY DEVIL!! I'M WILD ENOUGH TO BE YOUR... um... SISTER

ARRRGHHH!! FOCKIN' JESUS!

BUT... HERE MAN BETTY, FORGET HIM, WE WERE JUST WARMIN' UP-- LISTEN MAN, IF WE HAVENT SCORED WITH A SEX HUNK BY THE END OF THE NEET, I'LL BOY THE FOCKIN' DRINKS IN

THE END OF THE NEET LATER...

AALREET GORGEOUS- I WANT A LONG HARD MEMORABLE WHARTING OFF YOU

AYE! AND AAH WANT A WHOLE BUNCH WITH YER BLATHERIN' COCK!

ALLRIGHT GIRLS, RIGHT AWH?

THAT'LL BE 27 PLEASE

KIST COCKTAIL BAR LIST:

LET IN THE BEACH CHANNELS BALLS OF YOUR CENZUS NEAR FANAL LEAD HAD MEMORABLE WHARTING OFF

SHES FOCKIN' PAYIN'

BAH!

THE SEXIST

TIT'S OUT FOR THE LADS



SQUADDIE McDOWELL



JOHNNY BALL REVEALS ALL!



Johnny lifts the blue T-shirt over his head.



He strips for some grass-cutting action

JOHNNY BALL reveals all his charms as he strips off whilst mowing the lawn of his Buckinghamshire home.

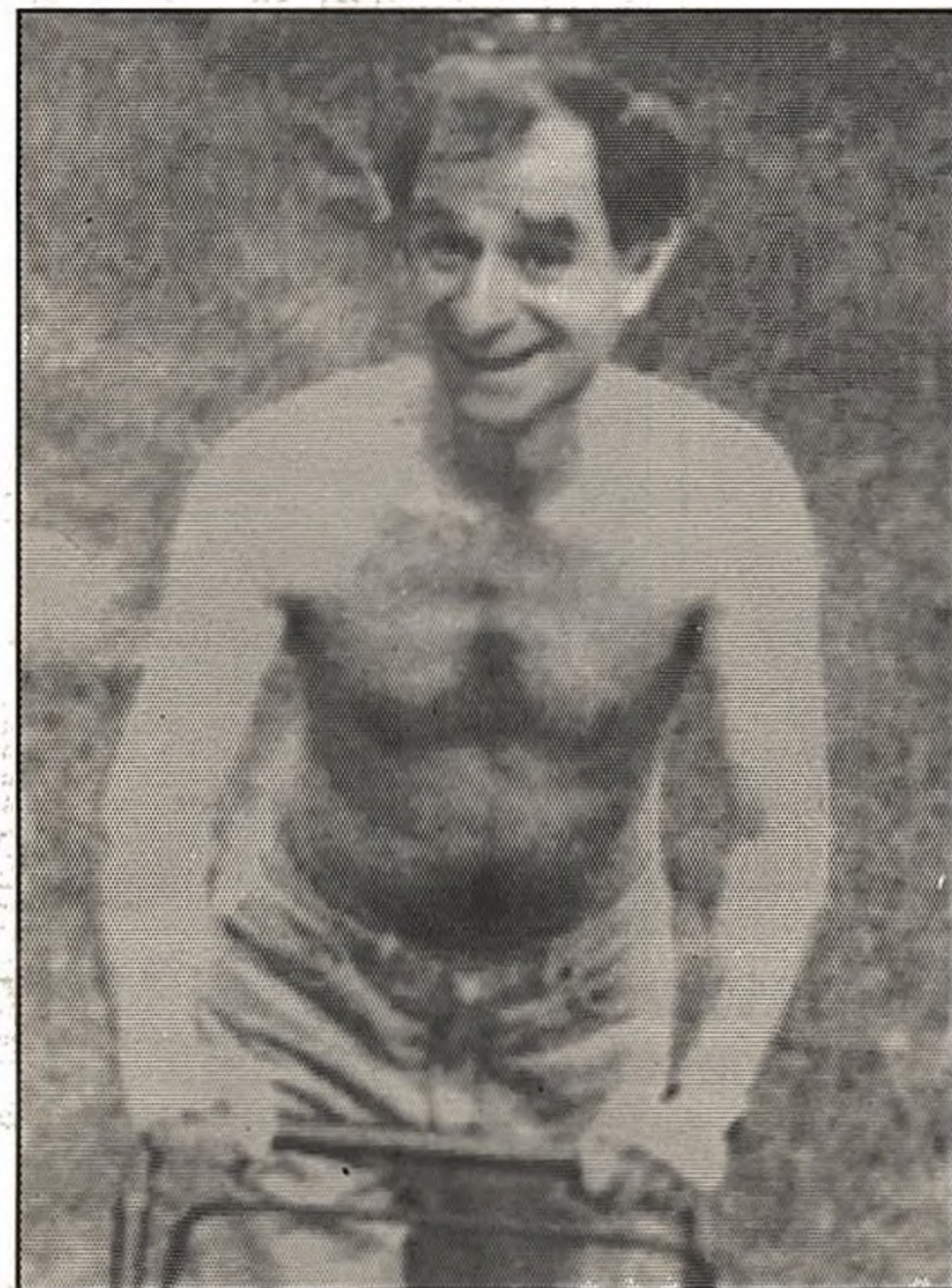
The gorgeous telly babe slipped his blue top over his head to reveal a fine set of assets.

Bubbly 'Think of a Number' presenter Johnny, 61, showed that he has certainly got **ONE** figure worth thinking about.

One neighbour said: "All the men here go topless when doing their lawns, but Johnny really shone. He looked fantastic."

Johnny - taking a break after quitting T.V.'s 'Play School' in 1983 - later sat with wife Diane and had a nice cup of tea.

Pictures: **ENRICO RATZORIZZO**



PHWOOAR!

Show us some
MOWER Johnny

PERV FALLS FOR BEAUTY

A PEEPING Tom fell 90ft to his death from a tree as he tried to spy on a topless beauty who was mowing the lawn.

Pervert

The filthy pervert had inched his way along a branch overlooking the garden, as he tried to snap pictures of the unsuspecting stunner.

Sicko

"We all go topless when mowing our lawns round here", said neighbour George Fisher, "but you don't expect to be spied on by sickos."

Filthy

Another neighbour said: "I heard a scream from the tree, and saw a man desperately grabbing at a branch. Then he disappeared and the scream got fainter until I heard a thump. Serves him right."

OBITUARY

**Enrico
Ratzorizzo
1974 - 1999**

VIZ SNAPPER Enrico Ratzorizzo - who has been killed in a tragic accident on an assignment in Buckinghamshire - had in his short but illustrious career earned himself a reputation for fearless professionalism and cold, ferret-like persistence, writes Picture Desk Editor, Ronnie Shit.

Loved

Over the past few years Enrico earned himself the title 'The People's Parasite' for his brutal disregard for the privacy or feelings of his victims.

Sensitive

Three-times winner of the prestigious Chuck Berry Award for Intrusive Photojournalism, Ratzorizzo was the lensman behind many front page scoops, including the first shots of Arthur Askey's legs in a hospital incinerator, and his sensational pic-



tures of Christopher Reeve fighting for his life, taken from inside the air-conditioning system of the Intensive Care Unit.

Caring

But he will be best remembered for his sensitive coverage of Benny Hill's decaying corpse, photographed through the dead star's letterbox over the four day period he lay undiscovered.

Charity

He leaves a camera with an absolutely enormous lens, and a high-powered motorcycle with white Flat Uno paint down the side.

Your guide to the Royal Copulation Ceremony ROMP and CIRCO

AT 5pm on the 19th of June, Britain's church bells will peal to celebrate the wedding of HRH Prince Edward to Miss Sophie Rhys-Jones. And at 11 pm that evening, Prince Edward's bellend will peel as the Royal marriage is consummated in a ceremony which has remained virtually unchanged since the days of William the Conqueror.

Royal consummations have traditionally been secretive affairs taking place behind closed doors, the details being known only to a privileged few insiders. But in the post-Diana spirit of openness, the palace has for the first time released details of the happy couple's wedding-night itinerary.

Posh

After the service at St. George's Chapel, the Royal newly-weds will attend a posh reception hosted by the Queen at Windsor Castle.

At 10.55pm, they will retire to the magnificent Nuptial Chamber in the East wing. At 11.00pm, the ceremony begins in earnest as the couple make their way into twin en-suite bathrooms to disrobe.

Baby

It falls to the Archbishop of Canterbury - the only onlooker allowed inside the royal bedroom - to help the bride into the majestic Ann Summers split-crotch panties and peep-hole negligee first worn by Queen Mary in 1554. In time-honoured tradition, The Archbishop performs this duty wearing oven gloves so as he can't feel her tits.

ADVERTISEMENT

All we are saying is



"Give PEAS a chance!"

Issued by the Pea Marketing Council



The new Princess proceeds through the doorway at 11.01, beginning the five-yard walk to the marital bed, followed closely by the Archbishop.

Scary

As the procession passes the glorious mirror-fronted built-in wardrobes, Princess Sophie may pause briefly to dig the itchy, nylon knickers out the crack of her arse. She then waits while the Archbishop draws back the duvet before she climbs

gracefully onto the bed to await the arrival of her husband.

Sporty

At 11.02 precisely, the Prince steps out of his bathroom and for the first time Princess Sophie sees him resplendent in ceremonial polycotton pyjamas.

Ginger

The Prince approaches the bed from the opposite direction and pauses. The Archbishop then steps forward and, in a scene that has been repeated for hundreds of centuries, stoops onto one knee and lowers the royal pyjama bottoms.

Danny

Like many Princesses before her, Sophie may struggle to keep her emotions in check, as, for the first time, she claps eyes on the royal wedding tackle. The Archbishop then retires discreetly to the end of the bed from where he witnesses the proceedings as the official representative of the Church of England.



St. George's Chapel (above), scene of the wedding, and the Majestic Nuptial Chamber (left), scene of the knobbing

By our Royal Correspondent

Tamara Pyjama

Banana-Tomkinson

At 11.03, the ceremony begins in earnest again as the Prince signals his intentions by rubbing her knockers once... twice... three times.

He then holds aloft the Imperial penis - known for centuries as Pink Rod - which slowly makes its way towards the entrance of Sophie's lavishly-pubed beefy drapes. After pausing to bang about a bit, at 11.04 precisely, the curtains to the inner chamber are slowly parted and Pink Rod leads the procession along the vaginal passage, flanked by two hairy knackers.

Taking 'STEPS' to Modernise the Monarchy

THE POMP and pageantry of Royal Consummations have served the country well for over a thousand years. But as the new millennium approaches, is the time right to break with tradition and modernise the ceremony?

After eating strong cheese at bedtime, our royal correspondent had a dream, in which he asked top teen pop sensations 'Steps', whose latest record, 'Blancmange Baby', is currently storming up the charts, if and how they would modernise the ceremonial nookie habits of the Royal Family.

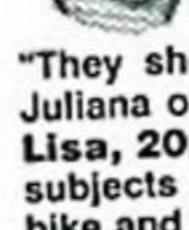


"The Royals have to keep their dignity," said singer **Clare**, 20. "Fancy sex is all well and good, but we look up to our Royal Family to set an example."

Hunky keyboard wizard **Lee**, 20, wasn't so sure. "If they were a little less prim and proper between the sheets, these Royal consummations would attract even more tourists into the country than they do," he told us.



"Edward and Sophie should be allowed to do whatever they like in bed," said singer **Faye**, 20. "Old fuddy-duddies shouldn't be allowed to tell them what to do."



"They should take a leaf out of Queen Juliana of the Netherlands's book," said **Lisa**, 20. "She is more in touch with her subjects because she rides around on a bike and has common, everyday sex."



Heart-throb hurdy-gurdy player **H**, 20, was more specific. "Our Royals are far too boring in the sack. They want to get with the programme and do more sexy stuff. I reckon they should do S&M, A&O, DVDA and ESD," said **H**.

y everybody's talking about INSTANCE

We take you behind the bedroom curtains on Edward's big night in

At 11.05, the ceremony reaches its magnificent climax, when the royal pods bang three times on the Princess's Biffin's Bridge, signalling that the royal wad has been spent.

The majestic ritual over, the procession quickly withdraws and the Prince rolls over, emitting a fan-fare fart. At this point the

Archbishop, now resplendent in a purple and gold silk trouser-tent, steps forward and invites the Prince and Princess to sign the official deed of *Coitus Completus*.

Richard

On the stroke of midnight the bottom sheet is raised

on a flagpole high above the battlements of Windsor Castle. This is greeted by a deafening cheer from the thousands of spectators who have waited for hours on the Chapel Hill lawns hoping to be amongst the first to see Edward and Sophie's map of Africa.



It's a right Royal COCK-UP!

THANKS to meticulous planning, royal consummations usually pass off without a hitch, but over the years there have been a few times when it's not been 'Alright on the Wedding Night'.

● In 1981 it wasn't all plain-sailing on Charles and Diana's big night aboard the Royal Yacht Britannia, when the Prince accidentally locked himself in the bathroom. The ceremony was delayed by three minutes whilst the then Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Robert Runcie kicked the door in.

● King Henry VIII was so disappointed in the size of Anne of Cleves's tits that he was unable to raise Pink Rod, and the

● In his eagerness to consummate his marriage to Queen Victoria in 1840, Prince Albert rushed the disrobing



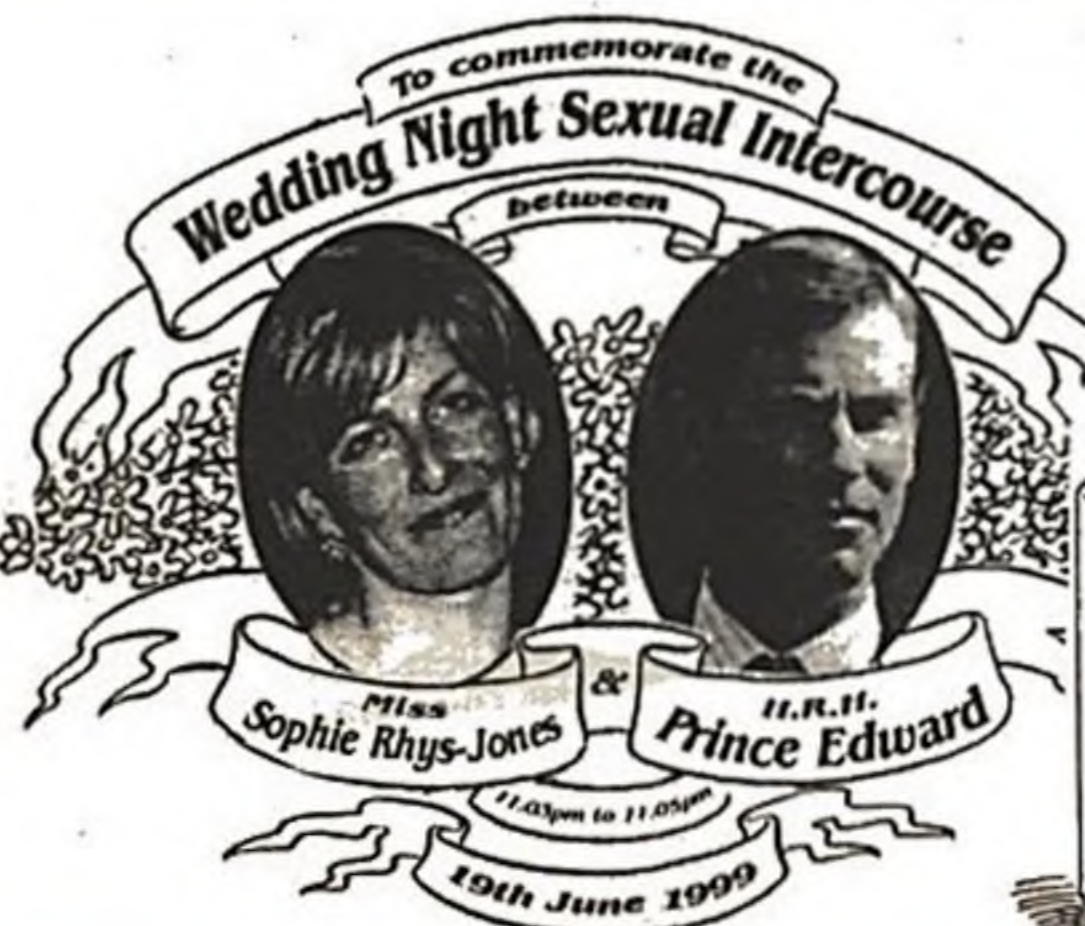
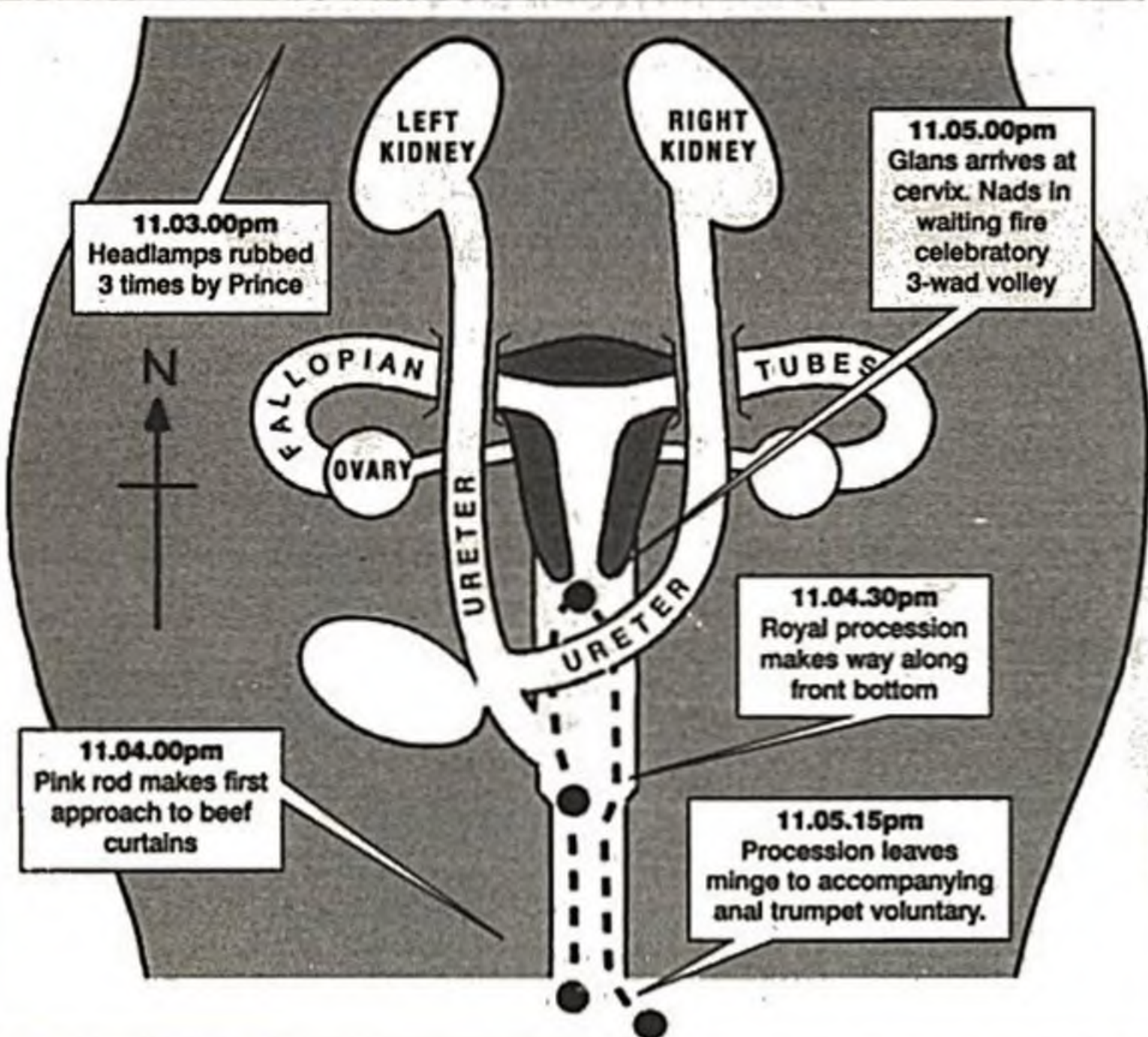
ceremony and caught the metal bolt fastened through his bobby's helmet on his zip. He spent the rest of the night with the Windsor Fire Brigade trying to free his chopper with a hacksaw.

● Another one of Henry VIII's six wedding nights went pear-shaped in 1536. During the consummation of his marriage to Anne Boleyn, the hapless Queen let rip with a thunderous fanny fart, blowing batter-bits into the King's beard. She was beheaded later that year.



ceremony had to be postponed. But it wasn't his fault, as that evening, he went on to 'pollute the bed' not once, but twice!

That Royal Wedding Night Root in full



COMMEMORATIVE Consummation Mug GENUINE READER OFFER

To commemorate this beautiful occasion we've commissioned 500 of these souvenir ceramic mugs. And one can be yours for the Princely sum of eight first class stamps, and that includes p&p. Simply fill in the little form below, stick it in an envelope with the stamps and send it to: Royal Wedding Mug Offer, Viz Comic, PO Box IPT, Newcastle-upon-Tyne NE99 IPT.

Please send me one of them mugs - here's eight 26p stamps.

Name

Address

Post Code

Please allow 2-3 weeks for delivery.



8 ACE THE THIRSTY FAMILY MAN



OH. LORDY! IT'S.. THE FAT SLAGS



Tracey, could you send a fax to...

Right. That's the booze, the balloons, the johnnies and the dildos sorted out. Now to book a strip-o-gram.

'Ere's one. 'Seymour Dick. Your wildest fantasies come true'. Fancy calling somebody Seymour Dick.

Excuse me...

'Ello. Is that Mr. Dick? We're havin' a hen-night. How much to come as An Officer and a Gentleman, do a strip an' wave yer cock in 'er face?

Yeh!...yeh!...ow much!?!...

I don't care if it is a foot long...

You'll have no trouble sticking it up yer arse then, will yer!

He wanted sixty quid, the greedy bastard. That's five quid an inch. At that rate we could get Baz to do it for a tenner.

If you wouldn't mind sending...

Excuse me. I've got an appointment...

For fuck's sake shut up! I'm tryin' to organise a fuckin' hen-night 'ere!

That night...

So anyway, Baz, 8 o'clock on Friday, you comes in to the King's Head dressed as a copper or a fireman or summat, drop yer kecks and wave yer gut-stick in Miss Bishop's face.

She'll fuckin' love it.

That's fine girls, but I'm a bit worried that I might not measure up - a little stage fright, if you know what I mean.

Don't fret, Baz. I saw a documentary about men strippers on Sky. What you do is, before hand, y' go into the bogs wi' a copy of Razzle an' you tug yerself a semi-on. Then you put a tight elastic band around the base before you get the droop.

Cracking idea!

Friday night...

C'mon, Miss Bishop. Yer nowhere near pissed enough, yet.

I'll get the drinks in.

Na-aa-aa-aa! Na-aa-aa-aa! Na-aa-aa-aa!

There you go. They didn't have any pineapple juice, Miss Bishop, so I got you a triple Pernod and double Southern Comfort.

Hey, look! Who's that!?!?

It's a copper... come f'you, Miss Bishop!

COOO-EEE! Over 'ere, P.C. Baz!

Erm... Miss Bishops, I'm afraid you're going to... I mean... I'm going to have to take down your particulars... er... I mean my particulars.

Na-aa-aa-aa! C'mon, Baz. Geddemoff!

OFF! OFF! OFF! OFF!

OFF! OFF! O.....

Eh!?!?

...hunh!?!?

Jesus Christ, Baz. What's up wi' it? It's gone all black! An' it's stinking even more than it usually does!

I don't know. I did what you said. I got it on the bone an' put a lakky band on it just after you went...

Just after we went...!?! But that was five days ago, Baz. Look at it! It's gone rotten!

Ner! Ner! Ner! Ner!

Eeb! It's terrible, girls. I can't feel me cock at all.

Now y' know 'ow we feel, Baz.

Na-aa-aa-aa!

THE ADVENTURES OF MAJOR MISUNDERSTANDING



DIRTY GARY!

GARY BARLOW charmed fans as *Take That's Mr. Clean* - but today he exposes the filthy truth behind his squeaky-clean image by admitting: "I have sometimes been to the toilet and then not washed my hands afterwards."

In an exclusive interview, the ex-star revealed he has been less than scrupulous with regard to personal hygiene HUNDREDS of times.

Wild

Gary, 28, said: "Take That was a wild roller-coaster ride. We were so out of control that by the time Robbie left the band, I was regularly eating biscuits before bed-time... AFTER brushing my teeth."

Austin

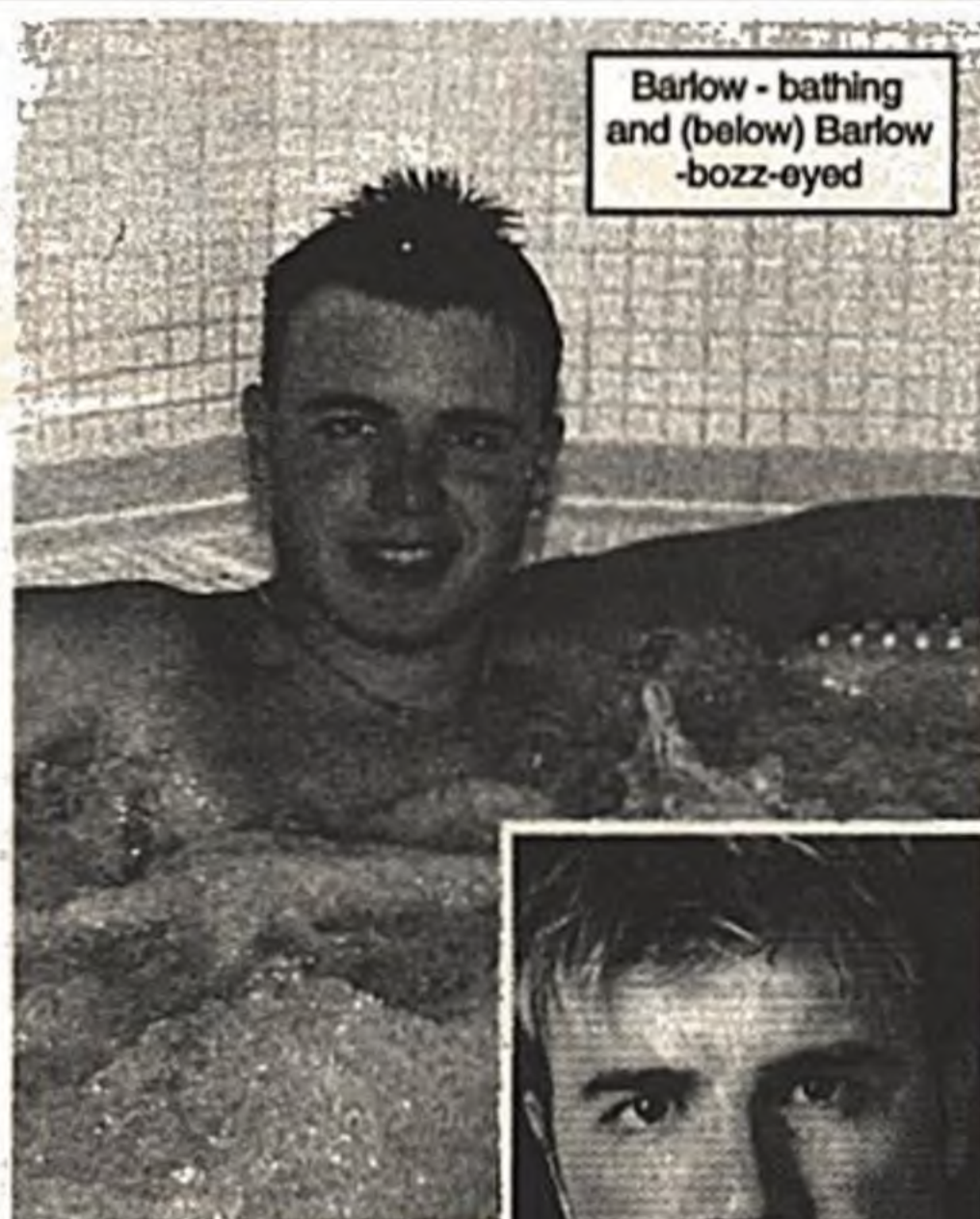
In an amazing outburst the singer, whose new single 'Angel Delight Lady' is released on Thursday confessed: "Everybody thought Robbie was the wildman

Soap-shy superstar comes clean

of the group, but I ran him a close second. He may have blown a fortune on cocaine and fast cars, but once I didn't wash my hair for a whole week.

Dallas

"If you'd read our publicity, you'd have thought we were saints. But nothing could be further from the truth. I remember



after one gig on our last tour I crashed out in the hotel. I woke up the next morning and put the SAME UNDERPANTS back on. That was the state I was in. I was like a zombie. When Howard Donald asked me why I was scratching my knackers, I knew I needed help."

Allied

The frank admission of not being particularly clean sometimes will shock those who saw Gary as the well-



scrubbed sanitary one in the band. But Gary says his unhygienic days are through. He said: "I've been clean for three years now. When I marry my long-time fiancée, Dawn, in July, I'll make sure I'm spotless from head to toe. I'll even wash behind my ears! And under the bridge. You will mention my new record won't you?"

Julie Burchill



My name is Julie I am 39 and three quarters I live in Brighton I have a cat it is called fluffy it is nice. I don't like boys I had a boyfriend he is called Tony he tried to kiss me at the NME on the lips it was horrid I hate him he smells. My granny died I was sad I cried the vicar put her in the ground there was ham sandwiches and sausage rolls and cake and crisps it was nice she was a communist.

My best friend is Charlotte we go out to play she let me look down her pants I saw her foofoo I showed her my foofoo.

I don't like John Peel I hate him lots all the others think John Peel is nice I hate him Charlotte says he did a poo in his pants and a wee. He smells. Tony likes John Peel I don't like Tony and I don't like John Peel they are smelly fat pigs. I write stories nobody likes my stories its not fair.

TOMORROW: "THE NIGHT MY FINGER WENT THROUGH THE TOILET PAPER - AND I SNIFFED IT."

S.O.S. - We have no bananas!

December 1940, and Britain has its back against the wall. As the Nazi blitz continues, morale is at an all-time low.

Sob! Sob! My house is destroyed, my husband is dead, and I haven't had a banana for two years.

At the headquarters of the British Military in the bowels of Whitehall, stark realities were being faced.

It looks like the Germans could invade any time, Prime Minister

We shall fight them on the beaches

But we don't have the men or the weapons

We don't need weapons, but we do need to boost the moral of the country.

But to do that we need bananas

Yes...we must have bananas! We must have bananas today!

At a secret location in the Windward Isles, Jack Sparrow and his pal 'Chalky' Cheeseman were loading crates aboard a British Merchant ship...

What's all this about then, Chalky, old mate?

It's just a routine consignment of cloakroom tickets for all the dances back home.

Dances! What a caution. I'd rather be out there having a crack at the Bosch than humping cloakroom tickets about...
Damn this leg!

Born with three legs, Jack had failed his navy medical and had been consigned to mundane work in the merchant navy.

But with the next crate...

Blooming 'ell, Chalky. Bananas!

If Jerry gets wind of what we're carrying, every U-boat in the Atlantic will be on our tail.

'Ere, you two! Put them 'nanas back in the crate and get on with it...and you saw nothing. Okay?

Under Royal Navy escort, the precious cargo about the M.V. Albatross set course for England...

Well, two days at sea and no sign of Jerry.

Tell you what, Jack. I couldn't arf murder a banana!

No, Chalky!.. DON'T!...

Munch! Munch! Oh come on, Jack. Munch! One banana ain't going to do no harm or nuffing!

But... Keeping their cowardly distance, the sly Jerrys surfaced for a better look...

Vot is it, mine Capitan?

Zey are flying ze Buff Orpington, ze international flag of cloakroom ticket conveyance. Ve vill not vayste a torpedo on zem.

Mine Gott! Zey are carryink BANANAS!

The information about the convoy's cargo was relayed immediately to Hitler's bunker...

Mine Furher! Mine Furher! Achtung!

Hmm! Very interestink! A convoy.

Gott in Himmel!...
BANANASCHAFT!!

Mine Gott!

Donnawetter!!

Hitler realised that if a single banana reached England, morale would soar and the Nazi war effort would be scuppered. The order was given to sink the convoy immediately...



Within minutes not a single vessel was left afloat. But Jack knew that until all the bananas were destroyed, the Nazi's evil work was not done...



Zere is still a
crate of bananas on
ze surface...

Load
torpedo
tubes!...

But Jack Sparrow was not prepared to be a sitting duck. Using the power of his three legs, he swam down beneath the waves to give the Hun a taste of its own medicine...



There you go, Fritz.
HAVE A BANANA!!

...und FIRE!



After being thrown clear in the explosion, Jack Sparrow grabbed a floating banana and began a perilous swim home...



After six months in the water, during which time he lost his extra leg to a shark, he spied the welcoming sight of Big Ben and the White Cliffs of Dover.



He was met on the beach
by the King himself.

Jolly good show,
Sparrow. Jolly good show...



...and because you've now
got the regulation two legs, you
can join the proper navy...as
Admiral of the Fleet!

Bloomin 'eck!



That evening, King George ate the
banana in front of a jubilant
nation.

Munch!
Munch! Munch!

Free cheers for 'is
Majesty the King..Hip! Hip!...

Hooray!!!

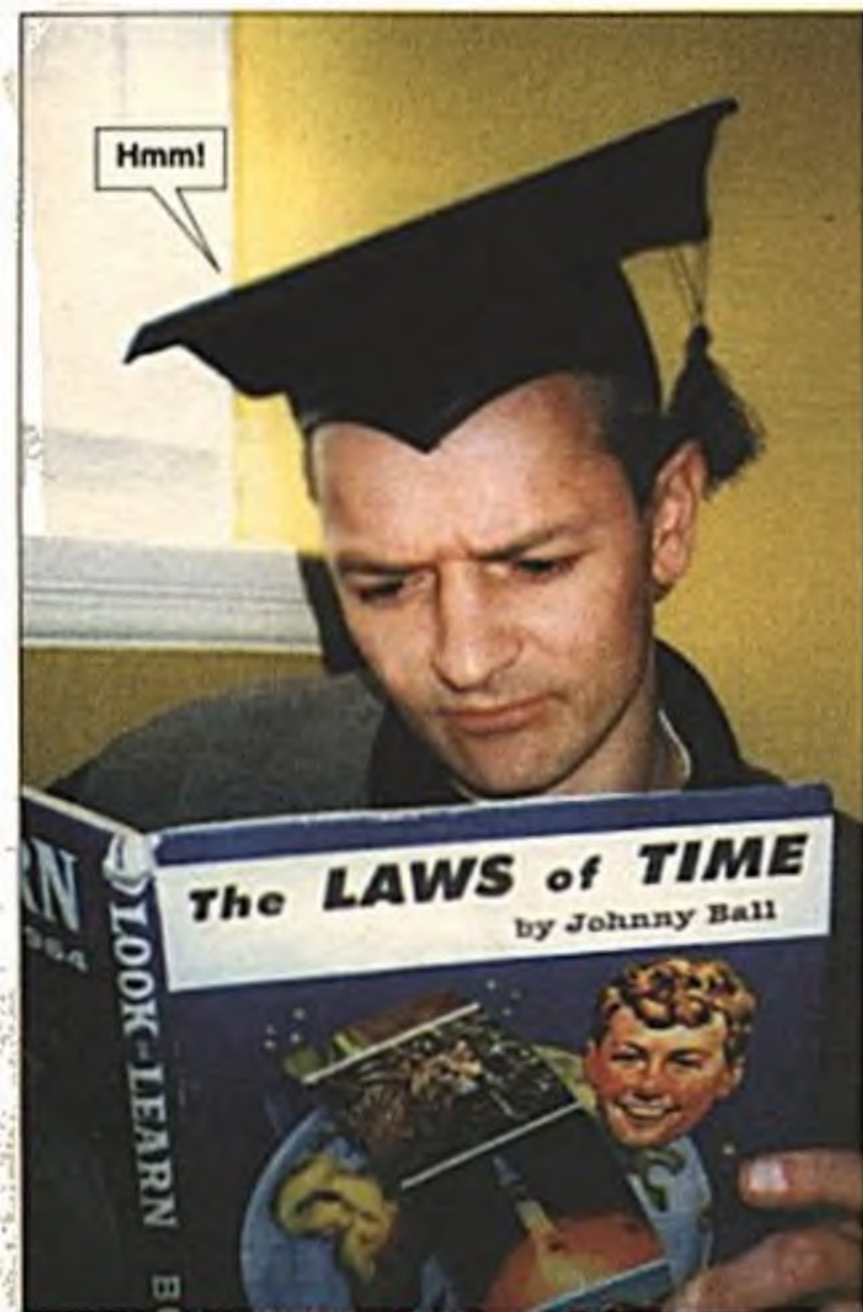
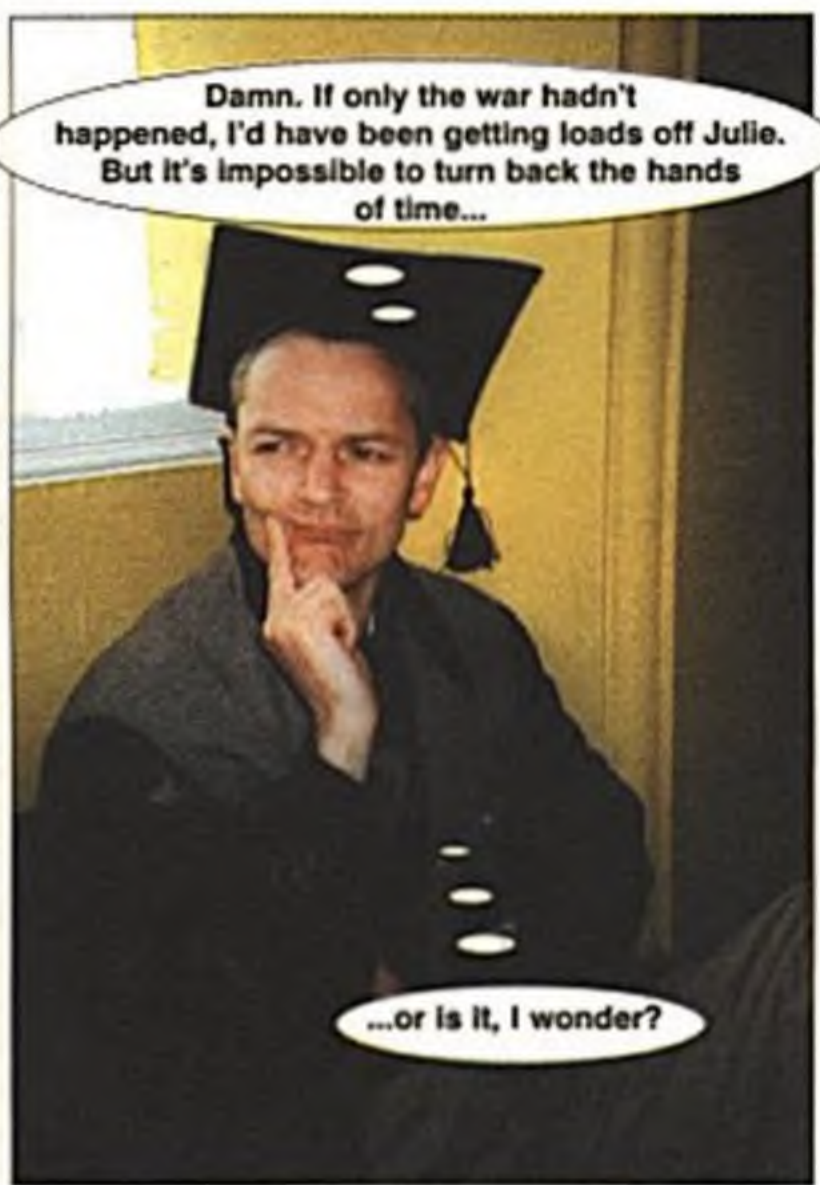
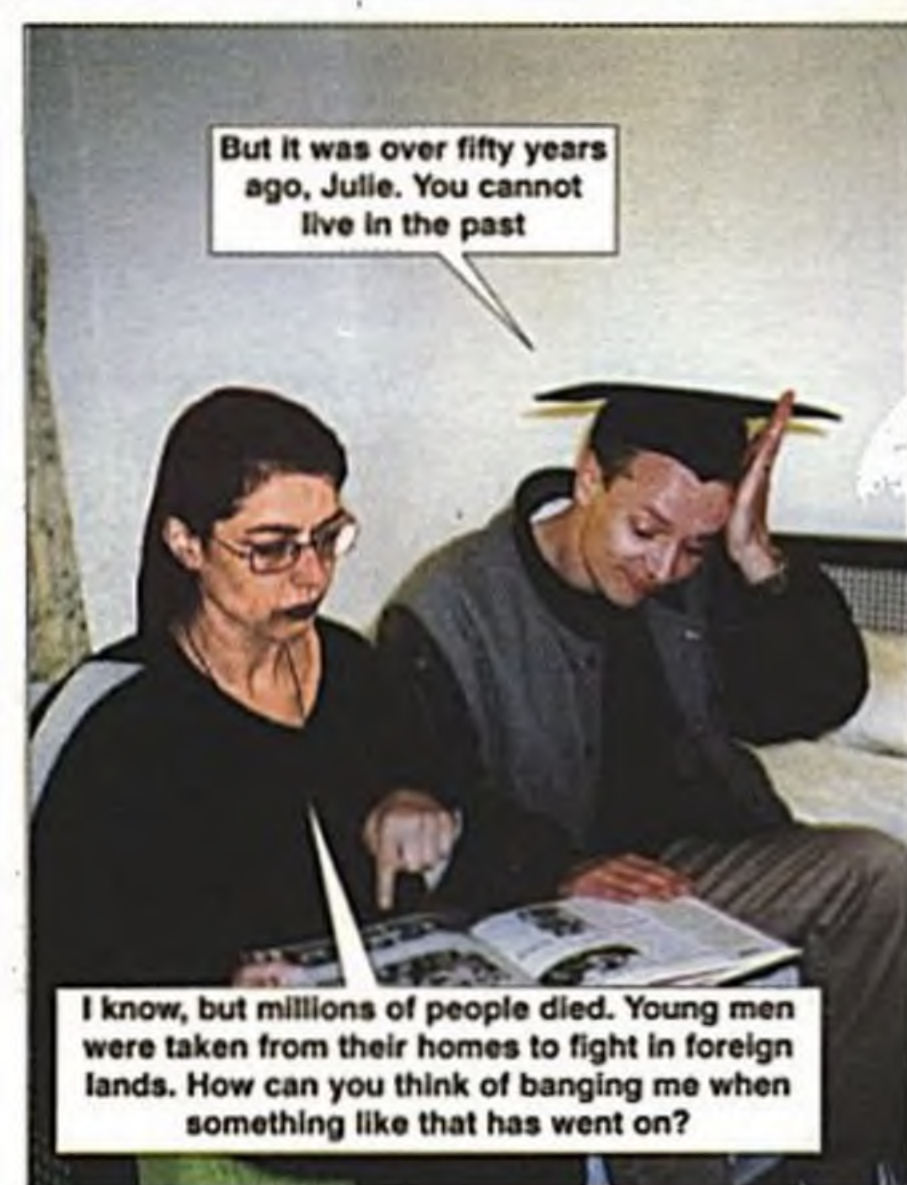
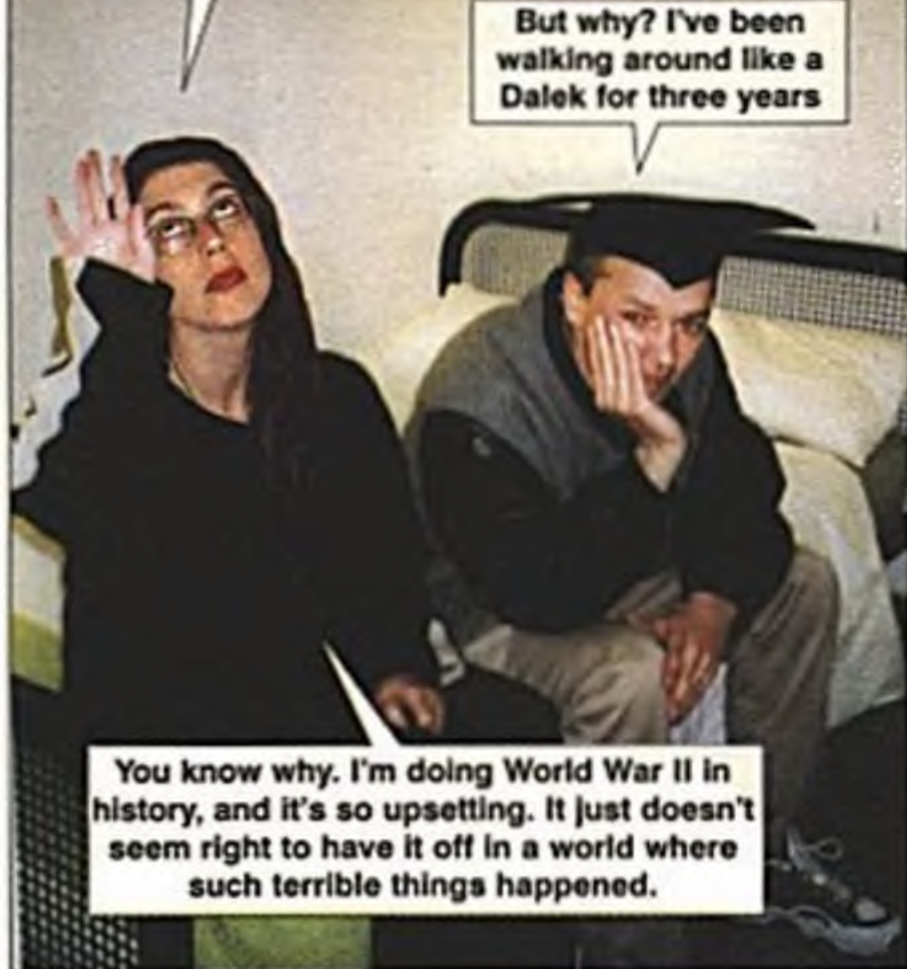


Thanks to Jack Sparrow's heroism, the tide had turned. With morale at an all time high, it was just a matter of five short years and another 20 million lives before Britain emerged victorious from another war.

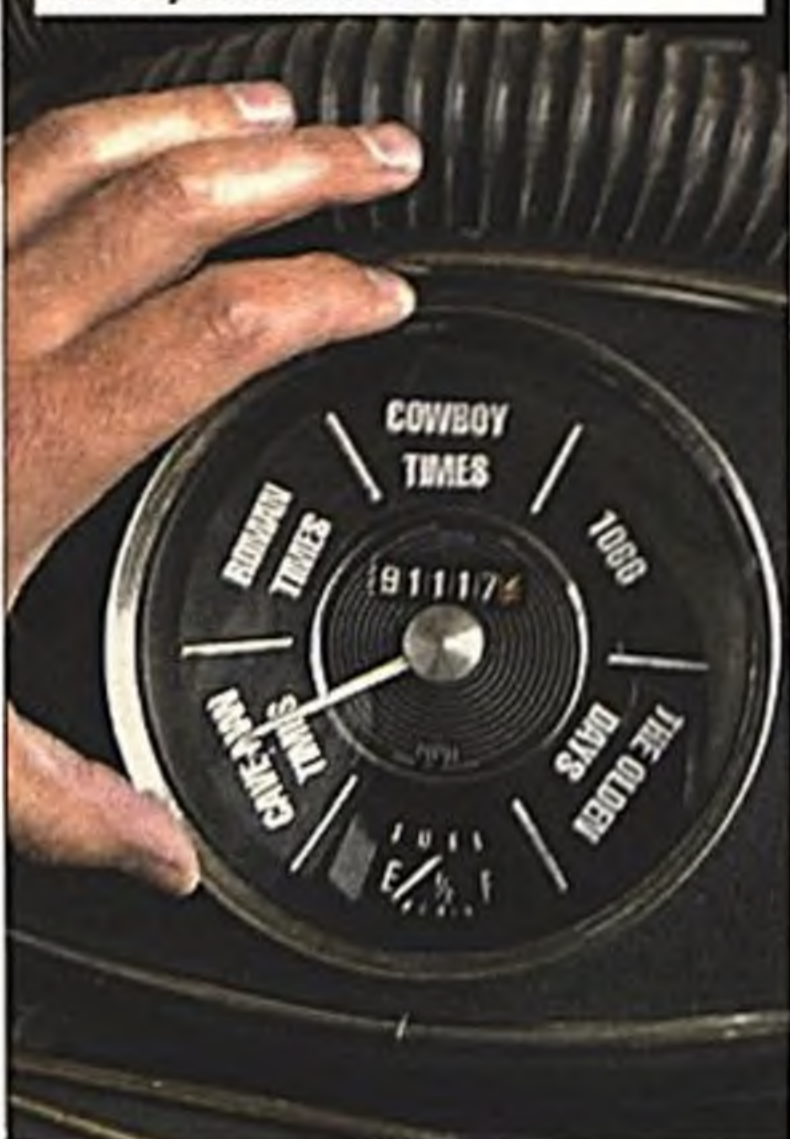


If I could turn back time...

Physics student Harry Wells had been going out with pretty history student Julie Verne since they met in their first week at Oxford University. Now in their final term, Harry was sure that Julie was the girl for him, and was rushing across to her hall of residence to ask a very special question...



Nervously, Harry set the coordinates for Nazi Germany on the eve of war.



Harry arrived at Nazi Germany in 1939. He took a few moments to get his bearings, before stepping from the machine.

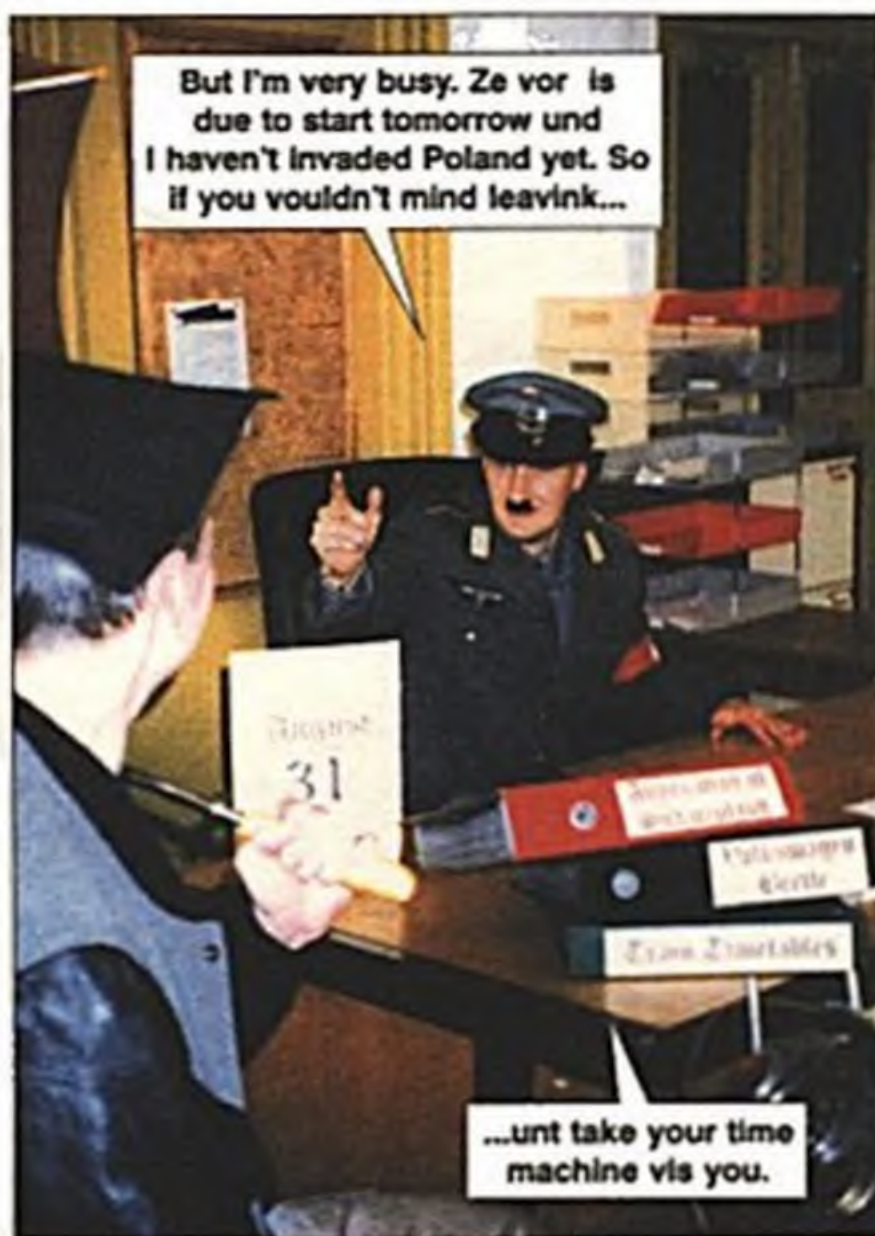


Great. It's worked. This must be Hitler's office.

Suddenly, Harry realised he was not alone...



Ja! Das ist correct.



But I'm very busy. Ze vor is due to start tomorrow und I haven't invaded Poland yet. So if you wouldn't mind leavink...

...unt take your time machine vis you.

Okay, Hitler. But before I do, I want you to listen to something...



Vos? Vos is it?



This!



War, War is stupid, and people are stupid



...and love means nothing in some strange quarter...



Halt! I haf heard enough of zis pop musik...

Oh, well. It was worth a try.



...unt perhaps you are right, Harry. Vor *IS* stupld. Vot a fool I haf been.

Wow!



Instead of all zis fighting, ve should live in peace und understandink.

I vill not start ze vor after all. Zanks to you Harry, 45 million lives haf been saved, und zat is great.



Thanks, Mr Hitler. Now I've got to be getting back to my own time. I've got a bird on a promise and my nuts are set to pop.



Harry landed in nowadays, amd immediately went to see Julie...



Julie!...

Yes. I know! The war...it didn't happen anymore! I'm so happy.



Great! Does that mean I'm on for a poke?



I'm afraid not, Harry. Remember that young soldier I showed you in the history book?

The one that was killed?

Yes. Except he wasn't anymore...



...so I'm going out with him.

Eh?

That's right. And she's letting me in up to my wrinkly old apricots every night..TWICE.

The End

ROGER MELLIE

THE MAN ON THE TELLY

RADIO

BOLLOCKS!

ROGER HAS BEEN THROWN A CAREER LIFELINE - HE'S TAKEN OVER FROM THE AGING JOHN DULL AS HOST OF BBC RADIO 2's 'DRIVE TIME SHOW'...

...AND THAT WAS... THE SMALL FACES WITH... 'LAZY SUNDAY AFTERNOON'...

REMINDS ME OF MY DAYS ON CAROLINE, THAT ONE...

CAROLINE MY SECRETARY AT RADIO 1, THAT IS...

WENT LIKE A TRAIN SHE DID. I REMEMBER ONCE AT A PARTY AT TONY BLACKBURN'S HOUSE... ON HIS WATER BED, ACTUALLY... I'D HAD A FEW DRINKS, BUT I WAS STIFF AS A ROLLING PIN...

LEAVE IT ROGER GO TO THE TRAFFIC!

ANYWAY... ER... WHERE WAS I? AH, YES, SPEAKING OF LAZY SUNDAYS AND SMALL FACES, IT'S NOT SUNDAY - AND HERE'S SOMEONE WITH QUITE A BIG FACE - AND AN ARSE TO MATCH... IT'S OUR TRAVEL GIRL SALLY P.

ERM, THANK YOU, ROGER...

...I DON'T KNOW IF THAT WAS A... ER... COMPLIMENT OR NOT

HEY! TOUCHY! TOUCHY! THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH BIG ARSES... I'VE SHAGGED FATTER THAN YOU, SAL AND ENJOYED IT! SO... TELL US ABOUT THE TRAFFIC

LATER...

I'VE TOLD YOU, ROGER! TAKE IT EASY WITH SALLY... I THINK YOU'VE UPSET HER AGAIN

COME ON, TOM. YOU CAN'T MAKE AN OMELETTE WITHOUT RUFFLING A FEW EGGS - SEXUAL CHEMISTRY. THAT'S WHAT IT IS...

AM I, OR AREN'T I POKING HER?! THAT'S WHAT THE LISTENERS WANT TO KNOW... PUTS EARS ON SEATS, TOM

ANYWAY, I CAN'T STAND HERE GABBING ALL DAY. I'M MEETING SOME BLOKE IN THE HOTEL ACROSS THE ROAD... SOME SORT OF SPONSORSHIP DEAL TO DISCUSS...

...SEE YOU LATER, TOM

Hotel de Posh

RECEPTION

BAR

BLAH BLAH BLAH

MR. ROGER MELLIE?

THAT'S ME

HI! I'M... ER... MR. SMITH. I CALLED YOU YESTERDAY

NOW, YOU MAY BE WONDERING WHY I ASKED YOU HERE...

YEAH...

...LISTEN. BEFORE WE TALK BUSINESS, LET'S NIP UPSTAIRS FOR A BIT OF A FRESHENER, EH?

ER... NO... I DON'T THINK...

C'MON. I'VE GOT A ROOM BOOKED UP. STAIRS

STAIRS TO ALL FLOORS

I CAN'T TALK BUSINESS WITHOUT A TOOT OF THE OLD MARCHING POWDER INSIDE ME

FLOOR 1

BUT...

I'VE ORDERED A COUPLE OF RUSSIAN PRO'S FOR US. THEY SHOULD BE IN HERE READY!

NO... I JUST WANTED TO...

REDS IN THE BED, EH?!

WOOF! WOOF! THEY LOOK TASTY! THE LAST LOT THEY SENT ME WERE A RIGHT LOAD OF SHOT-PUTTERS! WHICH ONE DO YOU WANT FIRST, EH?

GIGGLE!

NO... ERM... REALLY... I JUST...

COME ON, GET STUCK IN OR I'LL HAVE 'EM BOTH MYSELF. HEH!

NO, ROGER, YOU SEE...

...ACTUALLY, WHAT I CAME HERE TO SAY, WAS...

I'LL DO A LINE OFF ONE OF HER TITS. WATCH THIS!

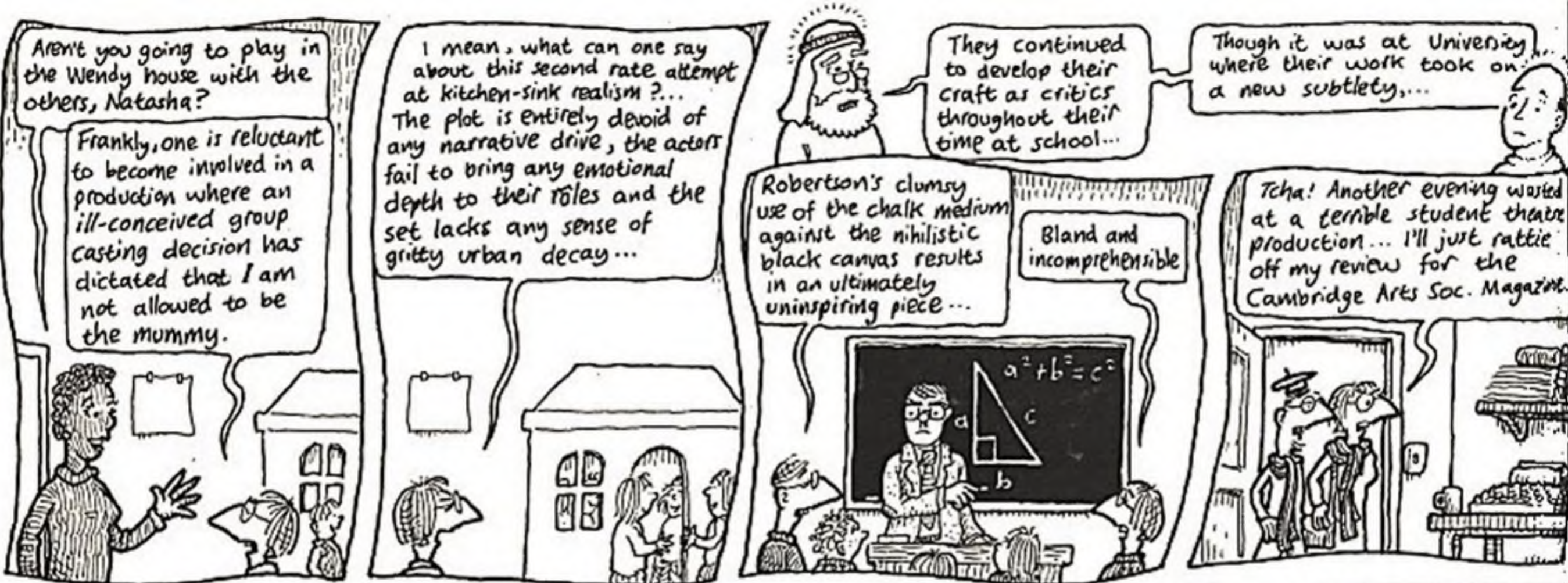
...ROGER MELLIE... ANCHOR MAN, BROADCASTER AND TV PRESENTER... TONIGHT... THIS IS YOUR LIFE!

SNORT!

EH? ... I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I CAN! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

I CAN'T BELIEVE I FELL FOR IT. YOUR DISGUISE! I BET THAT TOM WAS IN ON IT, EH? HEH! HEH! FUCK ME RAGGED!

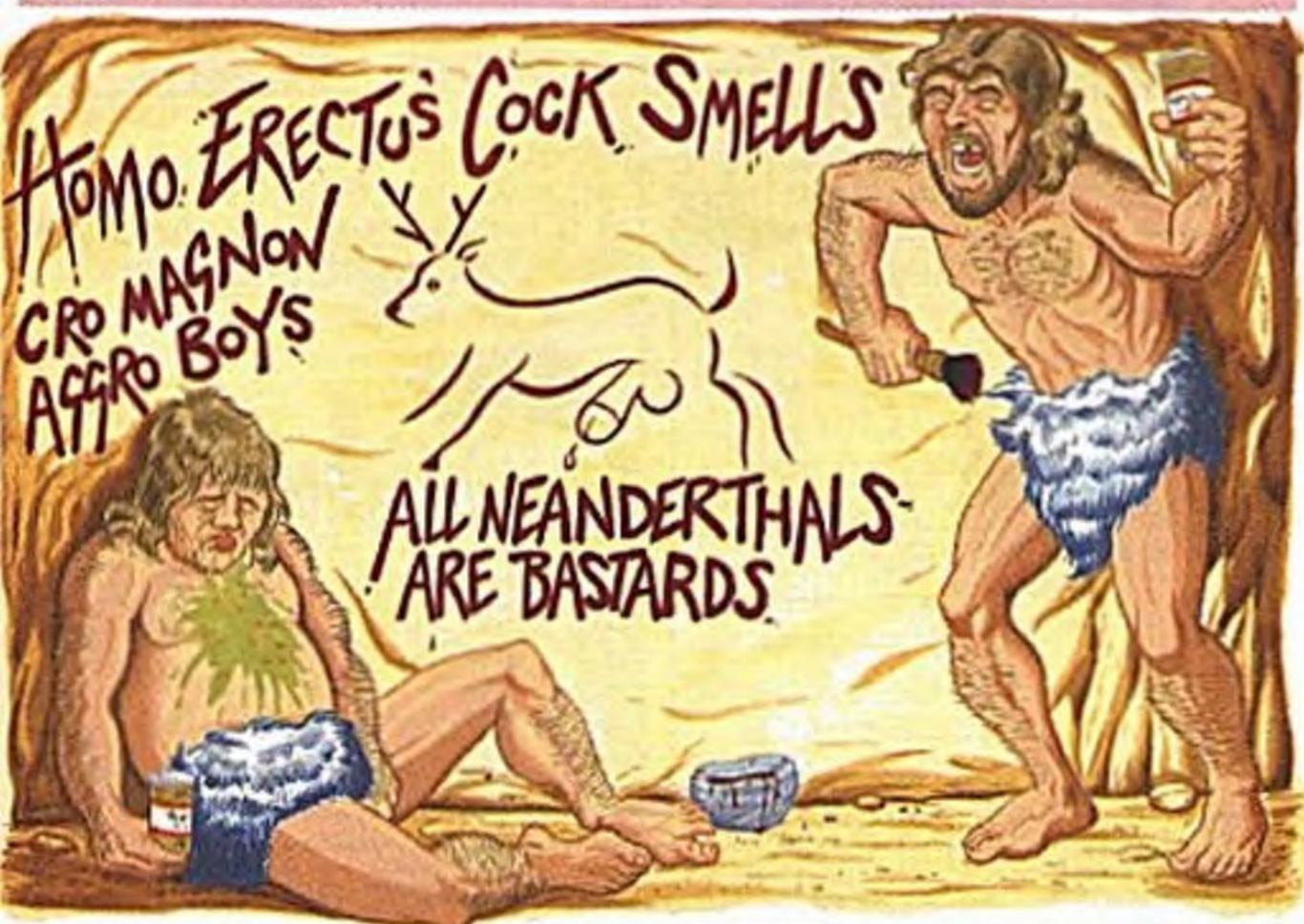




Special Brew Through the Ages

The story of the glorious drink that has forged civilisations

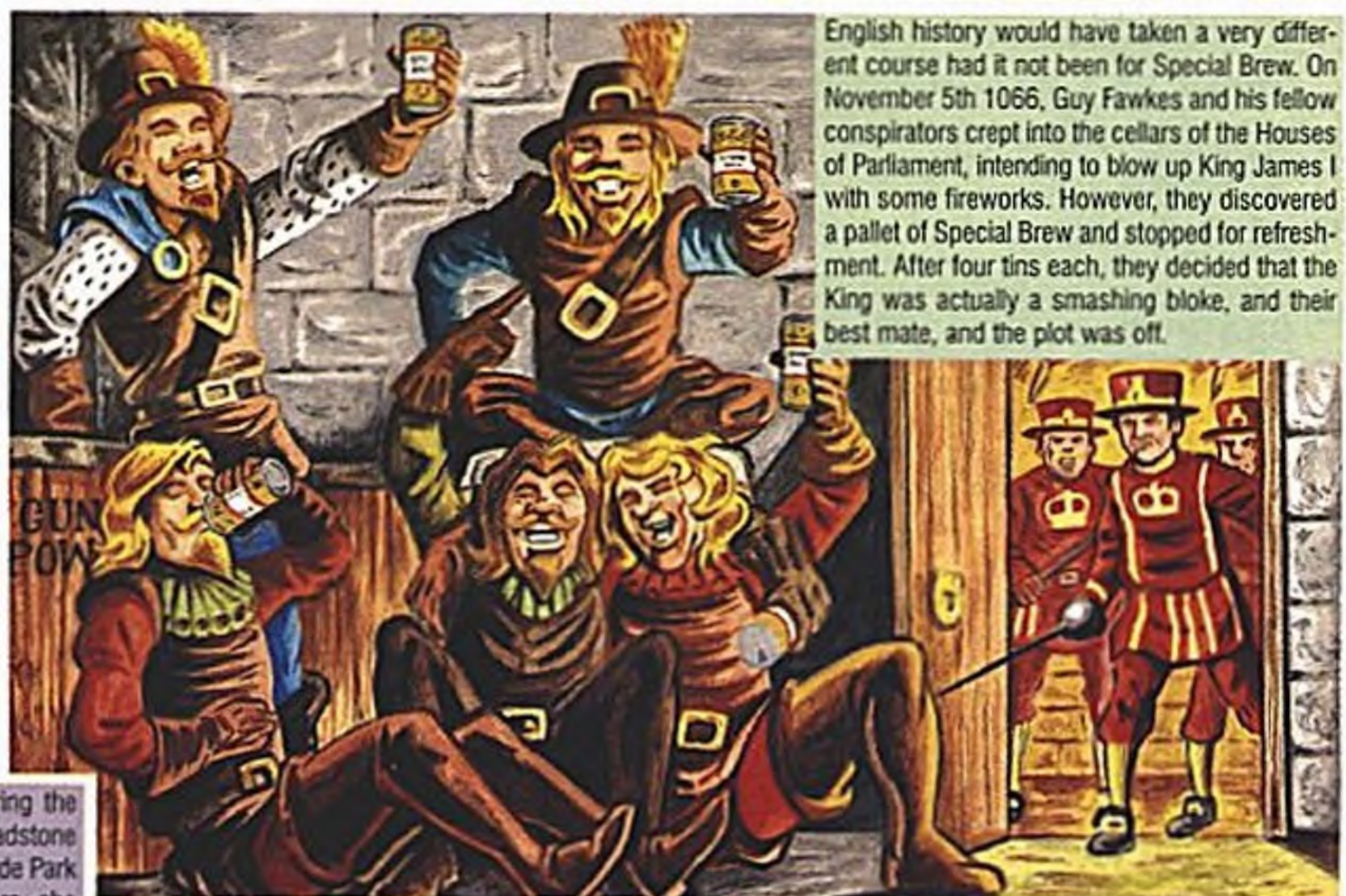
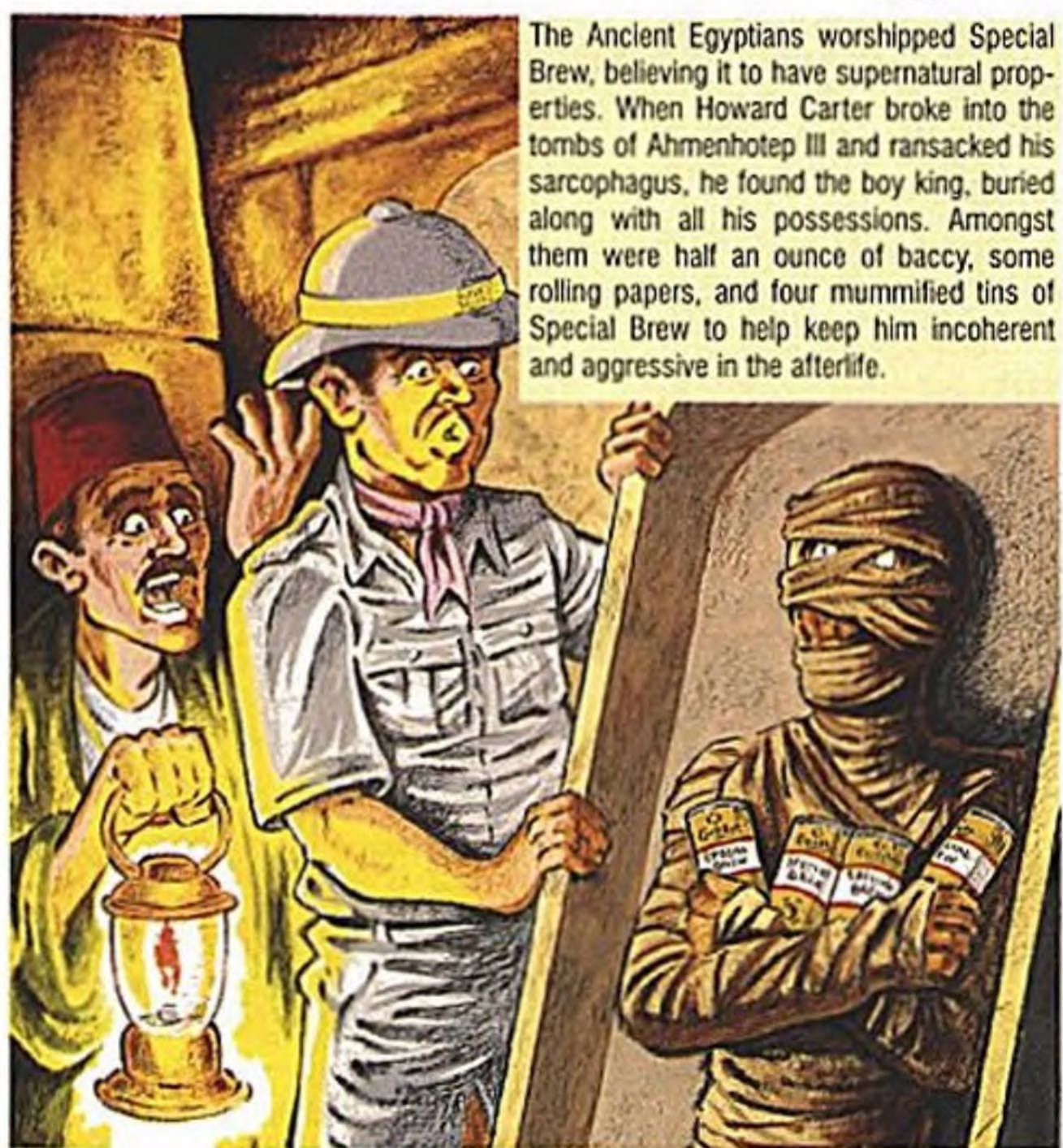
No one knows exactly when Special Brew was discovered, but archaeologists believe that its miraculous qualities were well known to man over 4 million years ago. Primitive paintings found in caves in Denmark suggest that bronze-age artists were regularly ripped to their hairy tits on Special Brew.



The Romans recognised Special Brew's property for starting fights and put it to good use in the Colosseum. Gladiators would be pilled with 'Spesh' before a battle to ensure they put on a good show for the blood-thirsty crowd. After a fight, the surviving gladiators would sacrifice a goat to Trampicus, the Roman god of unusual mental states.



The lady of the Lamp, Florence Nightingale saved countless lives during the Crimean War. As a token of his gratitude, the Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone awarded her a lifetime's supply of 'Spesh' and granted her the keys to Hyde Park so as she could have a well deserved sit down. Over the next 50 years, she became a well known figure, entertaining children with her colourful language, explicit gestures and frequent bouts of vomiting.



And so to the present day, where this remarkable drink, with its unequalled capacity to make your head go funny is still enjoyed by everyone. From her Majesty the Queen right down to the lowliest tramp, all agree that there is only one way to start the day. And that's by shotgunning a couple of tins of Special Brew... the drink that's made history!



TERRY FUCKWITT

THE UN-INTELLIGENT
CARTOON CHARACTER

